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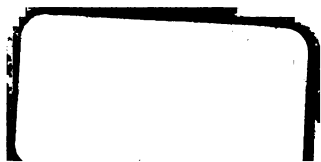
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POEMS,

FROM

The Danish.

Andreas A. Feldborg

BY

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Harp of the North!—still must thine accents sleep!
'Mid rustling leaves, and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid one warrior smile, nor teach one maid to weep!

SCOTT,

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CARPENTER AND SON, OLD BOND STREET,

BOOKSELLERS TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

THE PRINCE REGENT AND THE DUKE OF YORK.

1815.

B 462 B

C. Whittingham, Printer, Chiswick.

DEDICATION.



TO

JAMES DE WINDT, ESQ.

OF ST. CROIX.

MY DEAR SIR,

By inscribing this work to you, I perform one of the most gratifying actions of my life. I only wish that I could adequately acknowledge the generous support which you have been

pleased to give for the space of nearly twelve years, to an attempt which I ventured to conceive for the introduction of Danish literature into this country.

An undertaking projected in the ardour and inexperience of youth naturally became exposed to impediments; but the most appalling difficulties vanished before the influence of your friendship; and amidst the most depressing anxieties I found a cheering stimulus to perseverance in the exalted sympathy uniformly displayed by you in behalf of Denmark.

Animated by the example of your patriotic devotion, I shall prosecute my favourite object with zeal. Your lofty public spirit, not less than the innate goodness of your heart, has identified the promotion of my individual happiness and welfare with the execution of a design which will, I trust, prove creditable to Denmark, and meet with the countenance of England. With such incitements to exertion I may therefore be permitted to indulge the hope that your favours may not have been lavished in vain; and I beg you, my dear Sir, to rest assured, that it ever shall be, as it ever has been, my anxious

study to deserve your good opinion and
friendship. Believe me at the same
time,

With every sentiment of
public and private gratitude and esteem,
dear Sir,
your most truly obliged
and very affectionate servant,

A. ANDERSEN FELDBORG.

London,
June 14, 1815.

PREFACE.



IN submitting this work to the British public, I cannot avoid congratulating my country and myself on the fortunate circumstance of having enjoyed the powerful co-operation of a young gentleman, who bids fair to become a great poetical ornament to England.

With regard to the subordinate share I have had in the production of this work, I have only to express the hope

that I may not have been altogether inefficient in clearing the way for my poetical friend. In the principle of selection which I thought proper to adopt, I was chiefly influenced by recollections of that happy period when my country appeared to me the greatest, as she ever will remain to me the best, of countries on earth. Against such a principle of selection the charge of puerility may be advanced, but it will be repelled by the character of the major part of the poetry in this volume. At all events I may be forgiven for marking that period with particular reverence and gratitude, in which our poets so

happily illustrated the sentiments of
Gray:

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave and idolize success,
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than power or genius e'er conspired to bless.

Respecting the Norwegian songs, I
think it necessary briefly to state, that
I disclaim any intention of contributing
to the production of a Lillebullero *, in

* Hume, page 300, vol. viii. records: "It may
not be unworthy of notice, that a merry ballad,
being at this time (1688) published in derision of
the Papists and the Irish, it was greedily received
by the people, and was sung by all ranks of men,
even by the King's army, who were strongly seized

Norway. If more suitable words could have been found for the airs which were to be given as the most interesting specimens of Norwegian music, I should certainly have adopted the example of our poet VESSEL, who, while he freely canvasses the vices and virtues of the different nations of Europe, makes a very polite bow to our Swedish neighbours, and says neither good nor ill of them.

In the historical notes and illustrations I may have been somewhat prolix; but with the national spirit. This incident both discovered, and served to increase, the general discontent of the kingdom."

the tendency of those illustrations will, I hope, be deemed my apology, which I shall take the opportunity of impressing more forcibly by the authority of Addison. Celebrating the praises of his country, in No. 287 of the Spectator, he observes: "But if I shall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice; it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge."

A. A. F.

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DANISH POEMS.

THE POPULAR NAVAL SONG OF DENMARK.

BY THE LATE
JOHANNES EVALD,
OF COPENHAGEN.

KING CHRISTIAN took his fearless stand,
'Midst smoke and night:

A thousand weapons rang around,
The red blood spun from many a wound,
'Midst smoke and steam to the profound
Sunk Sweden's might!

"Fly, sons of Swedes! what heart may dare
With Denmark's CHRISTIAN to compare
In fight?"

NILS YULE beheld the storm roll nigh ;
 "The hour is come!"
 He waves the crimson flag on high,
 The blows in doubling volleys fly,
 "'Tis come," the foes of Denmark cry,
 "Our day of doom!
 Fly ye who can! what warrior dares
 Meet Denmark's YULE, that man prepares
 His tomb!"

Sea of the North! aloft behold
 Thy third bolt fly!
 Thy chilly lap receives the bold,
 For terror fights with **TORDENSKOLD**;
 And Sweden's shrieks, like death-bell toll'd;
 Ring through thy sky.
 Onward the bolt of Denmark rolls;
 "Swedes! to heaven commit your souls,
 And fly!"

If

**Thou darksome deep! the Dane's pathway
To might and fame!
Receive thy friend! whose spirit warm
Springs to meet danger's coming form,
As thy waves rise against the storm,
And mounts to flame!
'Midst song and mirth life's path I'll tread,
And hasten to my ocean-bed
Through fame.**

FÖDELANDET.

AF

PROFESSOR THOMAS THAARUP.

Du Plet af Jord! hvor Livets Stemme
Steg første Gang fra spæde Bryst;
Hvor Himlen gav mig at fornemme
Det første Glimt af Livets Lyst;
Der, hvor jeg lærte: Moder! stamme,
Og første Fied ved hendes Haand;
Der tændtes Gnisten til den Flamme,
Som brænder for mit Födeland.

Og naar i Barndoms blide Dage
Til fremmed Egn vi löbe hen,
Med Længsel ilte vi tilbage
Til moderlige Hiem igjen.

THE
LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY
PROFESSOR THOMAS THAARUP,
OF COPENHAGEN.

THOU spot of earth, where from my bosom
The first weak tones of nature rose;
Where first I cropp'd the stainless blossom
Of pleasure, yet unmix'd with woes;
Where, with my new-born powers delighted,
I tripp'd beneath a mother's hand;
In thee the quenchless flame was lighted,
That sparkles for my native land!

And when in childhood's quiet morning
Sometimes to distant haunts we rove,
The heart, like bended bow returning,
Springs swifter to its home of love!

Hver Høi, hver Dal, som gav os Glæde,
 Den blev vort Minde dyrebar,
 Og henrykt Manden seer de Steder,
 Hvor han som Barn lyksalig var.

Fra Öst, fra Vest, mod Polers Ende,
 Hvor en fornuftig Stemme lød,
 De samme Luer varigt brænde,
 Som Himlen, som Fornuften bød,
 Ei Grönland's arme Søn vil bytte
 Sit golde Field med kornrigt Land,
 Et Marmor-Slot er ham hans Hytte,
 Og Fieldet er hans Canaan.

Af denne sædte Lue brændte
 De fordums Helte af vort Land,
 Skiöndt de kun tvende Pligter kiendte:
 At elske og at döe som Mand;
 Saa glemte HIALTE Elskerinde,
 Og Födelandet ene saae,
 Og faldt for det. Hans Troskabs Minde
 Som Bautastenen varigt staae!

Each hill, each dale, that shared our pleasures,
 Becomes a heaven in memory;
 And ev'n the broken veteran measures
 With sprightlier step his haunts of glee.

Through east, through west, where'er creation
 Glows with the cheerful hum of men,
 Clear, bright, it burns, to earth's last nation,
 The ardour of the citizen!
 The son of Greenland's white expansion
 Contemns green corn and laughing vine;
 The cot is his embattled mansion,
 The rugged rock his Palestine.

Such was the beacon-light, that guided
 Our earliest chiefs through war and woe;
 Ev'n love itself in fame subsided,
 Though love was all their good below:
 Thus young HIALTE rush'd to glory,
 And left his mourning maid behind;
 He fell—and Honour round his story,
 Dropping with tears, her wreath entwin'd.

Den böd dig, ABSALON ! at lægge
 Din Stav, og gribe Sværd til Strid,
 At bytte Klosters lune Vægge
 Med Telt, i Landets Trængsels Tid.
 Ei Storm ham skrækker, Mulm ham blinder,
 ANKONA fölte Danmark's Ven,
 Med Skiælven saae sin Overvinder,
 Med Glæde Mennesket igien.

De Danske Sletter, Norges Fielde,
 Har Minder om den Kiærlighed,
 Hvorpaa Monarkens sande Vælde
 Staaer fast i Feide og i Fred.
 Kiær har vi Fædre, Ven og Pige,
 Og Frugten af arbeidsom Haand ;
 Men over Alt skal Flammen stige,
 Som brænder for vort Födeland.

Du Troskabs Minde i vort Norden,
 Urokkelige FRED'RIKSHALD !
 Du trodsed CARLS gientagne Torden,
 Og tændte Lynet til hans Fald ;

Such flame, oh Pastor-chief! impell'd thee
 To quit the crosier for the blade;
 Not ev'n the heaven-lov'd cloister held thee,
 When Denmark call'd thee to her aid:
 No storms could chill, no darkness blind thee,
 ANKONA saw her thousands bend,
 Yet when her suppliant arms entwin'd thee,
 She found a man in Denmark's friend.

O'er Norway's crags, o'er Denmark's vallies,
 Heroic tombs profusely rise,
 Memorials of the love that rallies
 Nations round kings, and knits their ties.
 Sweet is the bond of filial duty,
 Sweet is the grasp of friendly hand,
 Sweet is the kiss of opening beauty,
 But sweeter still our native land.

Thou monument of truth unfailing!
 Sublime, unshaken FREDERICKSHALL!
 In vain, with peal on peal assailing,
 CHARLES thunder'd at thy fatal wall;

Paa Klippen, som et Alter, brændte
 Et Offer for vort Födeland,
 Der Borgerkiærligheden tændte
 For Landets Vel sin By i Brand.

O Kongestad! dit Seiersminde
 Til Danskes sidste Slægt skal staae;
 Det Land, som GUSTAV vilde vinde,
 Bag dine svage Volde laae;
 Men Borgerkiærligheden vinder,
 Og GUSTAV skjelver for sit Navn,
 Hans Haab og Helte Gravsted finder
 Omkring det frelste KIÖBENHAVN.

Hver Dannemarks og Norges Pige
 Skal henrykt synge deres Navn,
 Hver Moder Sönnen ofte sige
 Om FRED'RIKSHALD og KIÖBENHAVN.
 Og mens han lærer stamme Moder,
 Han lære stamme Födeland,
 At elske Mennesket som Broder,
 Men Födelandet som en Mand.

**Beneath thy cliff, in flames ascending,
 A sacrifice to virtue blaz'd,
 When patriot bands, serene, unbending,
 Consum'd the domes their fathers rais'd,**

**O royal town! in memory hallow'd
 To Denmark's last and darkest day!
 The prize that Sweden's hunter follow'd
 Behind thy feeble ramparts lay:
 But faith, the strength of towers supplying,
 Bade VASA tremble for his name;
 While round the rescued HAFNIA lying
 Expired stern Sweden's flower and fame,**

**Long, long shall Danish maidens sigh
 For those who in their battle fell;
 And mothers long, with beaming eye,
 Of FREDERICKSHALL and HAFNIA tell!
 The child that learns to lisp his mother,
 Shall learn to lisp his country's name;
 Shall learn to call her son a brother,
 And guard her rights with heart of flame.**

Brænd varigt i vort Dan og Norden,
Du Födelandets Kiærlighed !
Giör Manden kiæk i Slagets Torden
Og nyttig i den gyldne Fred !
Vor Attraae Viisdoms Börn skal ære,
Alfader give Bifalds Smil ;
Den gode Borgers Navn at bære,
Er Maalet, som vi sigte til.

Burn high, burn clear, thou spark unfading,
From Holstein's oaks to Dofra's base;
Till each, in war his country aiding,
Remain in peace her strength and grace!
The sons of wisdom shall approve us,
The God of patriots smile from high,
While we, and all the hearts that love us,
Breathe but for Denmark's liberty.

A

NORWEGIAN POPULAR SONG.

BY

BISHOP J. NORDAHL BRUN,

OF BERGEN.

To Norway, mother of the brave,
We crown the cup of pleasure,
And dream our freedom come again,
And grasp the vanish'd treasure.
When once the mighty task's begun,
The glorious race is swift to run.

Chorus.—To Norway, &c.

Drink to the children of the rocks,
To Norway's honest bosoms!
For him alone, who breaks our chains,
Our wreath of glory blossoms;

And when did mountain-youth deny
For Norway's cause to live and die?

Chorus.—Drink to, &c.

One glass to faith and friendship flows,
One to Norwegia's daughters;
Drink each the girl his heart adores,
And shame on him who palters!
Shame on the wretch who welcomes chains,
And woman, wine, and song disdains.

Chorus.—One glass, &c.

Drink to Norway's hills sublime,
Rocks, snows, and glens profound;
"Success!" her thousand echoes cry,
And thank us with the sound.
Old Dofra mingles with our glee,
And joins our shouts with three times three.

Chorus.—To Norway, mother of the brave,
We crown the cup of pleasure.

THE
WOMEN OF DENMARK.

BY
PROFESSOR K. L. RAHBK,
OF COPENHAGEN.

BRETHREN, join the social measure,
Sing our sister Danes below'd,
While round each eye bedimm'd with pleasure
Swims the form his youth approv'd.
And tell me not, that cold to beauty,
Ye feel not yet her thrilling eye;
The heart that's fit for friendship's duty
Is fit for gentle woman's tie.

Hence away, the man who wringeth
The soft heart on him bestow'd;
Who, where love its fragrance flingeth,
Turns to thorns the flowery road!

And hence the man, whose faith is broken,
 Who loves not her he lov'd of old,
 Who coldly scorns affection's token;
 Oh! he will prove a friend as cold!

Glory to the spouse who traces
 Firm through sorrow's rocky soil,
 Him who shared her first embraces,
 Side by side, nor faints with toil!
 The silent tear that darkly glances
 She kisses from him ere it fall,
 She shares each smile, each sweet enhances,
 His friend, his counsellor, his all.

Heaven's own blessing rest upon her,
 The nymph who wins without a wile,
 Her, who turns a youth to honour
 By the magic of her smile!
 Oh! many a boy hath found in beauty
 His guardian power, his spirit's aid;
 How can he hate the paths of duty,
 Who loves them in his dearest maid?

Joy to him, the lov'd, the loving,
To the husband and the friend!
May they win their heart's approving,
Who now in vain before her bend;
May he, who scorns the fair's dominion,
Soon bow beneath her gentle chains;
And Heaven's own love, with fostering pinion,
Watch ever o'er our sister-Danes!

SINCLAIR'S SONG.**BY THE****LATE EDWARD STORM,****A NORWEGIAN POET.**

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
And he steer'd for the Norway border;
In Gulbrand valley he found his grave,
Where his merry men fell in disorder.

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
To fight for the gold of Gustavus;
God help thee, chief! from the Norway glaive
No other defender can save us.

The moon rode high in the blue night-cloud,
And the waves round the bark rippled smoothly;
When the mermaid rose from her wat'ry shroud,
And thus sang the prophetess soothly:

“Return, return, thou Scottish wight!
Or thy light is extinguish'd in mourning;
If thou goest to Norway, I tell thee right,
No day shall behold thy returning.”

“Now loud thou liest, thou sorceress old!
Thy prophecies ever are sore;
If once I catch thee within my hold,
Thou never shalt prophesy more.”

He sail'd three days, he sail'd three nights,
He and his merry men bold;
The fourth he near'd old Norway's heights,
I tell you the tale as 'tis told.

On Romsdale coast has he landed his host,
And lifted the flag of ruin;
Full fourteen hundred, of mickle boast,
All eager for Norway's undoing.

They scathe, they ravage, where'er they light,
Justice or ruth unheeding;
They spare not the old for his locks so white,
Nor the widow for her pleading.

They slew the babe on his mother's arm,
As he smiled so sweet on his foemen:
But the cry of woe was the war-alarm,
And the shriek was the warrior's omen.

The Baun* flamed high, and the message-wood-ran
Swiftly o'er field and o'er furrow;
No hiding-place sought the Gulbranders then,
As the Sinclair shall find to his sorrow.

* A heap of wood raised in the form of a cone on the
summits of the mountains, and set on fire to give notice of
invasion.

" Ye men of Norway, arise, arise!

**Fight for your king and your laws;
And woe to the craven wretch that flies,
And grudges his blood in the cause!"**

**And all of Lessø, and Vog, and Lon,
With axes full sharp on their shoulders,
To Bredeboyd in a swarm are gone,
To talk with the Scottish soldiers.**

**Close under Lid lies a pathway long,
The swift-flowing Laugen runs by it;
We call it Kring in our northern tongue;
There wait we the foemen in quiet.**

**No more on the wall hangs the rifle-gun,
For the grey marksman aims at the foemen;
Old Nökken* mounts from the waters dun,
And waits for the prey that is coming.**

*** The river-god.**

The first shot hit the brave Sinclair right,
He fell with a groan full grievous;
The Scots beheld the good colonel's plight,
Then said they, "Saint Andrew receive us!"

"Ye Norway men, let your hearts be keen!
No mercy to those who deny it."
The Scots then wish'd themselves home, I ween,
They liked not this Norway diet.

We strew'd with bodies the long pathway,
The ravens they feasted full deep;
The youthful blood, that was spilt that day,
The maidens of Scotland may weep.

No Scottish flower was left on the stem,
No Scotsman return'd to tell
How perilous 'tis to visit them
Who in mountains of Norway dwell.

And still on the spot stands a statue high,
For the foemen of Norway's discerning;
And woe to him who that statue can spy,
And feels not his spirit burning!

PLEASURE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY

CHRISTIAN MOLBECH,

ONE OF THE UNDER LIBRARIANS IN THE KING'S LIBRARY,
COPENHAGEN.



WHERE'ER life thrives in fulness blooming,

The rosy god of pleasure reigns ;

A thousand nations hail his coming,

And smiling kiss his gentle chains.

Beneath his steps earth teems with roses ;

His eyes with kindly lustre glow,

And from a cup half hid in posies

He showers his gifts on earth below.

Each little cloud then melts in beauty,
Each path grows light, each burthen sweet;
The hours fly swifter on their duty,
And life trips on with tireless feet.

No state disgusts, no years appal him,
But chief o'er youth he spreads his wing;
And answers gladliest, when we call him
To bless our bright and rosy spring.

'Then in his pathway's flowery furrow
Gay mirth and sprightly song advance;
He stills at once the waves of sorrow,
His look a smile, his step a dance.

Two kindly sisters, knit together
In bonds of love, his track pursue;
Oh! what were life's ungenial weather,
If these from our dark world withdrew?

O'er them his countless graces spreading,
He bound their brows in rosy glow;
And still they follow, blithely shedding
The joys of heaven o'er earth below.

Ev'n to our spirits core we feel them,
How like twin suns they gild our gloom;
Wealth cannot buy, nor fortune steal them;
They smile, and sing us to the tomb.

And therefore in our memory's treasure
Those days live bright as heaven's bow,
When we entwined the wreath of pleasure
Beneath the shade of friendship's bough.

THE
NORWEGIAN'S THREE WATCHWORDS:

Courage, Energy, and Unanimity.

BY

JOHAN STORM MUNCK,

CHAPLAIN GENERAL TO THE FORCES OF NORWAY.

WHEN the harper's mute, and the harp stills her
strings,

The joy of the circle is o'er;

Then list, while the three words of potency he sings,

The watchwords of Norway's shore;

And if there's a heart throbs at Norway's dear name,

He will answer the harp with shout and acclaim.

Behold the tall pine-tree, how proud and how fair,
 On the brow of her parent hill,
 She waves her green crown, and exults in the air,
 And laughs at the storm's rough will:
 Like the pine of your land let your courage rise high,
 Nor shrink from her call, though she call you to die.

Behold how, untired and unbroken in might
 By his toils of a thousand years,
 With foot like a youth, leaping down from his height,
 The torrent of ages* appears;
 May each heart of our land with like energy beat,
 'Till its last crimson current is pour'd at her feet.

Behold where the ocean, with battle-alarms,
 Chafes the rocks of our land in his pride;
 Behold where the sea-rocks, like brethren in arms,
 Encounter his wrath side by side:
 Just Heaven! may our swords flame in unity yet,
 'Till Norway's last sun on her mountains is set!

* The Sarp, a celebrated cataract in Norway.

DANISH WAR SONG.

BY

CHRISTEN PRAM,

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF TRADE AT COPENHAGEN.



So joyous we draw the bright sword from its sheath,
And hasten up victory's height,
When the trumpet proclaims with its heart-stirring
breath

Our country's loud summons to fight:
We shout it triumphant, expiring we sing,
"Heaven prosper our country, our love, and our
king."

So joyous we draw the bright sword from its sheath,
 When Denmark's renown gives command ;
 If there's one who for her would not slumber in death,
 Such a soul is not worth such a land !
 We shout it triumphant, expiring we sing,
 " Heaven prosper our country, our love, and our
 king."

So joyous we draw the bright sword from its sheath,
 For our monarch, the noble and kind ;
 And to fall in his cause is as glorious a wreath
 As to combat for him left behind !
 We shout it triumphant, expiring we sing,
 " Heaven prosper our country, our love, and our
 king."

So joyous aside the red falchion we fling,
 When its point has bought peace to our shore ;
 Then shout for our fair land, and bountiful king,
 Joy follows the battle's dread roar ;
 And mountain and flood shall join voice as we sing,
 " Heaven prosper our queen, and give joy to our
 king."

NORWEGIAN LOVE SONG.

BY

PETER ANDREAS HEIBERG,

OF BERGEN.

THE bright red sun in ocean slept;
Beneath a pine-tree Gunild wept,
And ey'd the hills with silver crown'd,
And listen'd to each little sound
That stirr'd on high.

"Thou stream," she said, "from heights above,
Flow softly to a woman's love!
As on thy azure current steering,
Flow soft, and shut not from my hearing
The sounds I love.

Ere chased the morn the night-cloud pale,
He sought the deer in distant dale;
"Farewell!" he said, "when evening closes,
Expect me where the moon reposes
On yonder vale."

"Return, return, my Harold dear!
This wedded bosom pants with fear;
By woodland foe I deem thee dying;
Oh come! and hear the rocks replying
To Gunild's joy."

Then horns and hounds came pealing wide,
"'Tis he! 'tis he!" fair Gunild cried;
"Ye winds, to Harold bear my cry!"
And rocks and mountains answer'd high
"'Tis he! 'tis he!"

THE
NEGRO'S SONG.

BY
PROFESSOR THOMAS THAARUP.

I WILL fly the social room,
I will weep in lonely sadness;
The poor negro's cherish'd gloom
Must not mar the hour of gladness.
Let my fate your sighs command,
Fetter'd in a distant land.

Say, what is the negro's crime,
Ye who in our blood engrave it?
Can the colour of our clime
Plead for sin with him who gave it?
Gloomy is the negro's breast,
Robb'd of her he loves the best.

God of Christians, God of men!

**Thou canst melt the heart of scorn;
May none e'er the bridegroom chain,**

**From his new-espoused torn!
Let our fate thy pity move,
Robb'd of country and of love!**

INFANCY.

BY

PROFESSOR JENS BAGGESEN,

OF COPENHAGEN.



THERE was a time, and I recal it well,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height;
Oh! when I think of that, my warm tears swell,
And therefore in the memory I delight.

I sported in my mother's kind embraces,
And climb'd my grandsire's venerable knee;
Unknown were care, and rage, and sorrow's traces;
To me the world was blest as blest could be.

I mark'd no frowns the world's smooth surface
wrinkle,

Its mighty space seem'd little to my eye;
I saw the stars, like sparks, at distance twinkle,
And wish'd myself a bird, to soar so high.

I saw the moon behind the hills retiring,
And thought the while—Oh! would I were but
there!

Then could mine eye examine without tiring
That radiant thing, how large, how round, how fair,

Wond'ring I saw the sun of God depart
To slumber in the golden lap of even,
And from the east again in beauty dart
To bathe in crimson all the field of heaven.

I thought on him, the Father all-bestowing,
Who made me, and that beauteous orb on high,
And all the little stars, that nightly glowing
Deck'd like a row of pearls the azure sky,

To him with infant piety I faulter'd

The prayer my pious mother taught to me:

" Oh! gracious God! be it my aim unalter'd,

Still to be wise and good, and follow thee!"

For her I pray'd, and for my father too,

My sister dear, and the community,

The king, whom yet by name alone I knew,

And mendicant that sighing totter'd by.

**Those days were matchless sweet—but they are
perish'd,**

And life is thorny now, and dim, and flat;

Yet rests their memory—deeply—fondly cherish'd;

God! in thy mercy take not—take not that.



NORSK FRIEHEDS SANG.

Med det Øienske Angreb i 1814.

AF

JENS ZETLITZ,

PRÆST I NORGE.

NORA, paa Dovres den sneetakte Tinde,
Stöttende sig til det skinnende Skiold,
Tankefuld stod—for gienkaldende Minde
Svæved' Haarfagers og Adelsteens Old;
Kraftfuld Selvfølelse, blandet med Smerte,
Mörkned' det mandige Öie, som fik
Hemmet en Taare;—fra bankende Hierte
Stönnende Sukke med slige Ord gik:

NORWEGIAN SONG OF LIBERTY.

Upon the late Swedish Invasion.

BY

THE REV. JENS ZETLITZ,

A NORWEGIAN CLERGYMAN.



BENDING from Dofra's white head in her sadness,
 Norway stood propp'd on her buckler of flame;
 Pensive she mus'd on her old years of gladness,
 Fair-tressed Harold, and Athelstan's name;
 Then, conscious worth and proud sorrow oppressing
 The full manly eyelid that stifled its tear,
 Sigh after sigh, from her loaded heart pressing,
 Mix'd with the accents of Norway's despair.

" Nors Æt! som straaled' saa længe i Norden,
 " Straaled med Mod, Kraft og Storhed og Aand,
 " Söger Jeg Arme omsonst dig paa Jorden?
 " Har Sydre Qvindagtigheds hexende Haand
 " Rört ved dit Hierte, saa Nidding, som bærer
 " Blodskyld—Drots gientagne Blodskyld og Svig,
 " Nærer et Haab, som Dig evig vanærer;
 " At han Fostbroder kan finde i Dig?

" At Fædres Minde Du saa kunde glemme,
 " Saaledes frygte—end Hungerens Sværd,
 " At til en Skiændighed Du gav din Stemme,
 " Nedrig samtykkende nedrige Færd?
 " Nei! för skal Dovre—den evige Klippe,
 " Troskabs Emblem, synke under min Fod;
 " För din den aarsæle Troeskab skal glippe,
 " Nors Æt! din Aand, og din Kraft, og dit Mod,

" Kunde Du glemme—en Skam om du kunde?—
 " Kunde Du glemme, hvad FREDERIK har
 " Giort for at mætte de hungrende Munde,
 " Villet kiøbt Bröd Dig af blodig Barbar.

" Offspring of Nor! through long ages of glory
 Mirror of loyalty, star of renown;
 Must I, a widow'd one, vainly deplore thee,
 Thus by the spells of the South wither'd down?
 How art thou fall'n, when the child of pollution,
 Nurtured in rapine, and cradled in lies,
 Dares (on thy cheek to stamp endless confusion)
 Dares to insult thee with brotherly ties:

" Bids thee forget the long line of thy splendour,
 Bids thee forget thy high debt to thy land,
 Seal her disgrace with the hands that defend her,
 Shamelessly bow to a shameless command!
 No! the proud Dofra, the throne of my glory,
 Emblem of faith, from its summit may fall;
 But Nor's mighty offspring, unblemish'd in story,
 Shall wake, like their fathers, at loyalty's call.

" Think on the moment, in memory hallow'd,
 Think on the moment when FREDERIC rose,
 And true to the path that his ancestors follow'd,
 Purchas'd your bread of his merciless foes!

“ Ei kan Du glemme, at Dig de vil sælge,
“ Dig, stolte, frie og herlige Æt!
“ Sælge til Trældom.—Kun et kan Du vælge,
“ Staal til med Blodskrift at tolke din Ret.

“ Hadet mod rænkefuld Fiende at tænde .
“ Lynende Glavind Du blotte, og Dig
“ Slutte om FRED'RIKS betroede Frænde,
“ Sværgende Niddingen varende Krig.
“ Hör! fra iisværnede Nordcap nedflyder,
“ Dybt til Havvaskede Lindesnæs' Fod,
“ Hadets retfærdige Hevnraab—det byder
“ Haanen bortskyllet i Haanerens Blod.”

Think of your foemen—the present they give you—
Chains to the virtuous, the free, and the good!—
Rise, and ere fraud of the treasure bereave you,
Grasp your high charter, and write it in blood!

“Kindle the bright spark that sleeps in each valley!
Waken the sword that has slumber'd too long!
Round the true kinsman of FREDERIC rally!
Swear lasting hate to the children of wrong!
Hark! from the ice-guarded cape to where Ocean
Girdles the Naze with his white-rolling spray,
Rings the swift voice, like a tempest in motion—
‘In the slanderer’s blood wash the slander
away!’”

ON FORTITUDE.

BY

OVE MALLING,

HISTORIOGRAPHER TO THE KING OF DENMARK.

SWEETER to sing to the wild blast that chills me,
Harden'd with toil and with cold,
Than list to the fountain, whose melody stills me,
Floating in odours and gold!
Oh! the full glow of the fetterless spirit
Dwells not with luxury's slave;
Patience and courage alone can inherit
That portion of God to the brave!

Tell us, ye children of wisdom, who measure
 The actions of man and his might,
 Tell us, was earth won by day-dreams of pleasure,
 Or battles; and watchings of night?
 Tell us, did sylphs shield the valiant from ruin?
 Did syren-songs lull their repose?
 No! the proud soul, sacred glory pursuing,
 Steer'd by its pole-star through woes.

Planted by Valour; and wav'd against Fortune,
 Rome's flag wrapp'd the world in its shade;
 Ev'n the rude North; with its ample folds sporting,
 Paus'd as he view'd it display'd;
 But when the slow moth of luxury, stealing,
 Wasted its strength to decay,
 Tempests less fierce than the northern-wind, pealing,
 Blew its bright ruins away.

Fly then, soft maxims, on swift-sailing pinions,
 Fly to the land of the slave!
 We will not flutter, like air's purple minions;
 Ours is the strife of the brave!

Sweeter to sing to the wild blast that chills me,
Harden'd with toil and with cold,
Than list to the fountain, whose melody stills me,
Floating in odours and gold!

TO SPRING.

BY

PROFESSOR THOMAS THAARUP.

THY beams are sweet, beloved spring!
The winter shades before thee fly;
The bough smiles green, the young birds sing,
The chainless current glistens by;
Till countless flowers, like stars, illumine
The deepening vale and forest-gloom.

Oh! welcome, gentle guest from high,
Sent to cheer our world below,
To lighten sorrow's faded eye,
To kindle nature's social glow;

Oh! he is o'er his fellows blest,
Who feels thee in a guiltless breast.

Peace to the generous heart, essaying
With deeds of love to win our praise!
He smiles the spring of life surveying,
Nor fears her cold and wintry days.
To his high goal, with triumph bright,
The calm years waft him in their flight.

Thou glorious goal! that shinest afar,
And seem'st to smile us on our way;
Bright is the hope that crowns our war,
The dawn-blush of eternal day!
There shall we meet, this dark world o'er,
And mix in love for evermore.



TIL DEN ELSKEDE.

AF

B. S. INGEMAN.

HVAD er det, o! Pige, jeg hos dig tilbeder?
Hvad er det, mig binder med magiske Baand?
O! er det din Siæls de fortryllende Klæder?
O! er det din Yndighed, eller din Aand?

Hvad fryder mig vel i dit himmelblaae Öje?
Hvad er vel ved Læbernes Roser min Lyst?
Hvor ligger det Skjønne? hvor ligger det Höje?
I bankende Hjerte? i bölgende Bryst?

TO
A GIRL BELOVED.

BY
B. S. INGEMAN,
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN.

WHAT is it, dear maid, that enraptures me so?
What holds my fond heart in a chain of controul?
Can the fragile attire of thy spirit below
Be match'd with the glories that beam in thy soul?

Is the throne of thy conquest thy soft lip of roses,
Or the flexible charm of thy bright blue eye?
Is the temple where grandeur or sweetness reposes
The soft-heaving breast, or the forehead high?

O! skjønt er dit Öje; men skjønnere flammer
 Den evige Sjæl dog, som gjennem det seer.
 Chrystallet er skjønt i de maledede Rammer;
 Men Billedet indenfor tryller dog meer.

Og söd er din Læbe; men södere trænge
 Fra Læben de Toner i Ord og i Sang.
 Höit elsker jeg Harpens de gyldene Strænge;
 Men højere Strængenes himmelske Klang.

Skjön hvælver din Barm sig, som Tempelets Buer;
 Men skjønnere Hjertet dog indenfor slaaer.
 Med Fryd jeg de marmorne Hvælvinger skuer,
Tilbeder den Gud, som i Tempelet boer.

See! derfor o! Pige, jeg elsker, tilbeder,
 See! derfor du bandt mig i magiske Baand,
 Jeg elsker din Sjæls de fortryllende Klæder;
 En Guddom tilbeder jeg udi din Aand.

Oh! lovely's thine eye, but more lovely shines
through it

The spirit unwasted, unwither'd by time:
The frame may be fair, through whose crystal we
view it,

But fairer within is the picture sublime.

And sweet are thy lips, but more sweet they unfold

The soft tones of music, the language of love:
I value the harp for its strings of gold,
But I value its accents the gold strings above.

And thy breast, like the arch of the temple ascending,

Is fair, but it swells o'er a heart more divine:
I love the white arches in majesty bending,
But worship the god that's enthroned in the shrine.

'Tis this, dearest maid, that enraptures me so,

'Tis this holds my heart in a chain of control;
I love the attire of thy spirit below,
But rev'rence the glories that beam in thy soul.

DEDICATORY LINES

TO

Her Royal Highness, Princess Louisa Augusta,

PRINCESS ROYAL OF DENMARK;

Prefixed to a Danish translation of Shakespeare's Hamlet and Julius Cæsar.

BY

PETER FOERSOM,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COPENHAGEN.

SNATCH'D from the scenic monarch's glorious crown,
 A few stray gems I bring. Before thy feet,
 Exalted fair, in every charm complete,
 With rev'rence and delight I lay them down.
 Their home was ever in the princely breast;
 That crowned vestal, western sun of fame,
 She loved them; and in their unfading flame
 The image of her brightness shines confess'd.

As when the flow'rets of the spring unfold
Their censers, with the pearls of morn replete,
Nature's sweet sacrifice, the lordly sun
Joys to illume them; on my offering bold,
Sun of the North, from thy resplendent seat,
Of all thy countless rays, oh, shed but one!

SKIALDEN.

AF

PROFESSOR ADAM ÖLENSLÆGER.

STOLT blomstred' Danmarks Land fra Arilds Tid,
Til Syden lød dets dierve Krigerhæder;
Dets Kæmper reiste sig til mandig Strid,
Naar Kongen bød til Valhals raske Glæder;
Og dobbelt elskovsfuld sin Arm, saa hvid,
Om stærken Beilers blodbestænkte Klæder
Den hulde Jomfrue slyngte sødt og smilte,
Naar hiem i Elskovs Favn han atter ilte.

Men ikke blot med Skiold og Stang og Sværd
Gik Leirekongens seiervante Svende,
En elsket Skiald var ham bestandig nær,
Med Ild i Barm, Guldharpen kiekte i Hænde;
Og i den drabelige Heltefærd
Han lod sin Jld i Alles Hierter brænde.

THE BARD.

BY

**PROFESSOR ADAM ÖLENSLÆGER,
OF COPENHAGEN.**

O, GREAT was Denmark's land in time of old!
Wide to the south her branch of glory spread;
Fierce to the battle rush'd her heroes bold,
Eager to join the revels of the dead:
While the fond maiden flew with smiles to fold
Round her returning warrior's vesture red
Her arm of snow, with nobler passion fired,
When to the breast of love exhausted he retired.

Nor bore they only to the field of death
The bossy buckler, and the spear of fire;
The bard was there, with spirit-stirring breath,
His bold heart quivering as he swept the wire,
And pour'd his notes, amidst th' ensanguined heath,
While panting thousands kindled at his lyre;

Da funkled' Öiet med en större Lue,
 Da Skioldet klang, da maatte Fienden grue.

Og naar den store Stund var svundet hen,
 Hvor Thor med Vellyst saae sin Yndling vinde,
 Var Heltens Jdræt dog ei svundet end,
 Den evig stod, den kunde ei forsvinde;
 Thi Skialden op den leve lod igien,
 J et for Efterslægten helligt Minde.
 Naar længst hensmulnet var de hvide Bene,
 Stod Runen paa de stolte Bautasteene.

Og Harpen var den rene Efterklang .
 Af alt hvad Stort der skedte rundt, saa vide :
 Den raske Sanger höit i Hallen sang
 For Kæmpen, naar han lysted' ei at stride;
 Da qvad han altid ei om Sværdets Klang,
 Men om den vene Moe, den Elskovsblide!
 Om Gubbens Viisdom, Qvindens milde Sæder,
 Om Dannerkierlighed og Venskabs Glæder.

Then shone the eye with greater fury fired,
Then clash'd the glittering mail, and the proud foe
retired.

And when the memorable day was past,
And Thor triumphant on his people smiled,
The actions died not with the day they graced ;
The bard embalm'd them in his descant wild,
And their hymn'd names, through ages uneffaced,
The weary hours of future Danes beguil'd.
When even their snowy bones had moulder'd long,
On the high column lived th' imperishable song.

And the impetuous harp resounded high
With feats of hardiment done far and wide,
While the bard sooth'd with festive minstrelsy
The chiefs, reposing after battle-tide:
Nor would stern themes alone his hand employ;
He sang the virgin's sweetly-temper'd pride,
And hoary eld, and woman's gentle cheer,
And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and friendship
dear.

FRAGMENT OF A HYMN.

BY

PROFESSOR THOMAS THAARUP.

WE wake our willing hearts to thee,
The Lord of immortality!
The source of light, and life, and pleasure,
From ages beyond human measure.
Jehovah! who is like to thee,
Dispenser of eternity?

Before the glories of thy brow
In mystic file the angels bow,
Pale wanes the seraph's crown of fires,
Subside the everlasting lyres;
No accent breaks the mighty still,
But all is mute, and owns thy will.

By thee our joys, our loves, were given,
Our peace on earth, our hope of heaven!
Thou speak'st the word; our errors cease,
Green round us smiles the path of peace:
Jehovah! who is like to thee,
Dispenser of eternity?

Denmark's fair family increase,
And light us with thy holy peace!
Our land's twin realms with love beholding,
And in thy arms the sisters folding;
Our counsellors with wisdom bless,
And crown our shepherd with success.

TIL FÆDRENE LANDET.

AF

PROFESSOR JENS BAGGESEN.



Du Plet af Jord, hvor første Gang mit Öie
 Fra Vemods Favn opstirred' til det Höie;
 Og i et Smil og Skyens Purpurbrud,
 Fortryllet saae de første Glimt af Gud.

Plet, hvor jeg vaagned' op af Intets Slummer;
 Fremkaldt af Almagts underfulde Bliv,
 Til Livets korte Fryd og lange Kummer;
 Men og, algode Gud! til evigt Liv.

O elskte Plet! hvor første Gang mit Öre
 Henrykkedes af Vaarens Harpers Klang;
 Hvor Himles Harmonie jeg tro'de höre
 I Skovens Lyd, og i min Moders Sang.

TO MY COUNTRY

BY

PROFESSOR JENS BAGGESEN.

THOU spot of earth, where from the breast of woe
 My eye first rose, and in the purple glow
 Of morning, and the dewy smile of love,
 Mark'd the first gleamings of the Power above:

Where, wondering at its birth, my spirit rose,
 Call'd forth from nothing by his word sublime,
 To run its mighty race of joys and woes,
 The proud coeval of immortal time:

Thou spot unequall'd! where the thousand lyres
 Of spring first met me on her balmy gale,
 And my rapt fancy heard celestial choirs
 In the wild wood-notes and my mother's tale:

Hvor förste Gang min spæde Læbe stammed'
 Med kielen Fölelse det ömme Navn;
 Hvor förste Gang mit tændte Hierte flammed'
 I Kierligheds og Venskabs hulde Favn.

O Födeland! hvor fandt en Plet min Leden,
 Saavidt vor Klode Stövets Slægt beboer,
 Saa blid, saa lystelig, saa fuldt et Eden
 Som du, for den, hvis bedste Fryd hernenen
 Er Mindet om hans förste Fryd som Nor?

Ak! ingensteds er Roserne saa röde;
 Ak! ingensteds er Tornene saa smaae;
 Og ingensteds er Dunene saa blöde,
 Som de, vor Fordums Uskyld hvilte paa.

Forgæves göd i mindre brudte Straaler,
 Ud over fremmed Egn den milde Sol
 Velsignelsernes Væld i større Skaaer,
 End over Beltet om vor kolde Pol.

Where my first trembling accents were address'd
 To lisp the dear, the unforgotten name,
 And, clasp'd to mild affection's throbbing breast,
 My spirit caught from her the kindling flame;

My country! have I found a spot of joy
 Through the wide precincts of the chequer'd
 earth,

So calm, so sweet, so guiltless of alloy,
 As thou art to his soul, whose best employ
 Is to recal the joys that bless'd his birth?

Oh! nowhere blooms so bright the summer rose,
 As where youth cropt it from the valley's breast;
 Oh! nowhere are the downs so soft as those
 That pillow'd infancy's unbroken rest.

In vain the partial sun on other vales
 Pours liberal down a more exhaustless ray,
 And vermeil fruits, that blush along their dales,
 Mock the pale products of our scanty day;

Forgjæves hæver langt bag Hiemmet's Hegne
 Sig høiere mod Himlen Jordens Bryst;
 O! hvad var Himlen selv, hvis ingenvegne
 Vort Hierte der fandt Spor af svunden Lyst?

Reis Kloden om, og smelt i kielne Lunde;
 Og gys i hellig Lyst paa Fieldes Iis!
 Skue tusind-dobbelt Liv, og hör af tusind' Munde
 Naturens, Glædens og dens Skabers Priis;
 Bemærk hvert Fortrin der, hvor rene Sæder
 I Ligheds Hegn betrygge Friheds Glæder!

Dog savner overalt vemodig-glad
 Din Aand et saligt sødt jeg veed ei hvad;
 Ak! thi Hyrdinders Dands til Hyrders Qvad;
 Ved Arnos Bred, er tvungen mod de Lege,
 Hvorfor for Högen vore Duer vege.

In vain, far distant from the land we love,
 The world's green breast soars higher to the sky:
 Oh! what were heaven itself, if lost above
 Were the dear memory of departed joy?

Range ocean, melt in amorous forests dim,
 O'er icy peaks with sacred horror bend,
 View life in thousand forms, and hear the hymn
 Of love and joy from thousand hearts ascend,
 And trace each blessing, where round freedom's
 shrine

Pure faith and equal laws their shadows twine:

Yet, wheresoe'er thou roam'st, to lovelier things
 With mingled joy and grief thy spirit springs;
 And all bright Arno's pastoral lays of love
 Yield to the sports, where through the tangling grove
 The mimic falcon chased the little dove.

Thi Heloises Lund seer tornet ud
 Mod Krattet, hvor omsnær't af Brombærranken,
 Du favnede som Barn din første Brud;
 Og Skrækhorns Himmelspids er dog ei høi som
 Banken,
 Hvorpaa jeg efter Maanen greb, og Tanken,
 Den første Tanke tabte sig i Gud.

Nei, her! kun her, i den afsides Have,
 Som FRED'RIK vogter, Fredens Engel lig;
 Hvor mine Bröders Slægter favne sig
 I fælleds Held, fra Sarpen ned til Trave.

Kun her, o Danmark! i dit stille Skiöd
 Fandt det i fremmed Lyst beruste Hierte
 Den hele Fryd, det længselfuldt begiærte,
 Den Ro, som langt fra dig det aldrig nød.

Her kalder jeg i Mindet fro tilbage
 Min vilde Vandrings underfulde Dage,
 Og skuer dobbelt skiön og elskelig
 Hver svunden Engel blandt den fjerne Vrimmel,
 Hver Stierne paa min giennemflöine Himmel,
 Min Frydhavns stille Havblik! skiult i Dig.

Oh! what are Eloisa's bowers of cost,

Match'd with the bush, where hid in berries white
Mine arms around my infant love were cross'd?

What Jura's peak, to that upon whose height
I strove to grasp the moon, and where the flight
Of my first thought was in my Maker lost?

No! here—but here—in this lone paradise,
Which FREDERIC, like the peaceful angel, gilds,
Where my lov'd brethren mix in social ties
From Norway's rocks to Holstein's golden fields;

Oh, Denmark! in thy quiet lap reclined,
The dazzling joys of varied earth forgot,
I find the peace I strove in vain to find,
The peace I never found where thou wert not.

The countless wonders of my devious youth,
The forms of early love, and early truth,
Rise on my view, in memory's colours dress'd;
And each lost angel smiles more lovingly,
And every star, that cheer'd my early sky,
Shines fairer in this happy port of rest!

ÖNSKERNE.

▲

JOHANNES EVALD.



HELD dig, nyskabte Aar, som nu saa blidt fremstiger
 Af Evighedens Nat! Held dig fra Verdnens Gud!
 Han selv, han byde dig, at være CHRISTIANs Riger
 Sit Velbehags, sin Freds, og sine Glæders Bud!
 Fyld Dannerkongens Bryst med Smil fra Naadens
 Trone!

Hans Aand med saligt Lys fra Viisdoms blide Sol!
 Bring Styrke til hans Arm! bring Ære til hans Krone!
 Udspred Lyksalighed rundt om hans gyldne Stol!

THE WISHES.

BY THE LATE

JOHANNES EVALD.

ALL hail, thou new year, that apparell'd in sweetness
Now spring'st like a youth from eternity's breast!
Oh! say, dost thou come from the bright throne of
greatness,

Our herald of mercy, of gladness, and rest?
Cheer the heart of our king with benignity's token!
Light his soul with the sunbeam that sets not
above!

Be his sword unresisted, his sceptre unbroken;
Oh, peace be to CHRISTIAN, the monarch we
love!

Med Bælter af Smaragd omgiord de Norske Fielde!
 Og skiul de Danskes Dal med tætte Slør af Guld!
 Udbred vor Skat! og viis, at al vor sande Vælde,
 Var kun tildækket med en Fodbred af vort Muld.
 Kron hver en Dansk med Held, som uforfærdet
 følger

Vor sølvblaae Vei til Roes, igiennem Storm og
 Skiær!

Byd Havet skaane ham, og tving dets vilde Bølger,
 At de tilvælte os Fred og Velsignelser!

Fyld Konstneren med Vid, Arbeideren med Styrke!
 Formeer dem! viis enhver en rolig Næringsvei!
 Plant Hegn af Kæmper om det Eden, som vi dyrke!
 Fyld dem med Mod, og giör, at det behöves ei!
 Men hver, hvis Daad, hvis Röst det Godes vise Giver
 Bestemte til sin Tolk, mod ham vær dobbelt mild!
 Fyld Dommeren med Lys, og Mod og retviis Iver!
 Og Lærerne med Aand! og Skialdene med Ild!

With an emerald zone bind the rocks of the North ;
 O'er Denmark's green vales spread a buckler
 of gold ;

Pour the glories of harvest unsparingly forth,
 And show that our wealth is our dear native mould :

Smile on the conqueror of ocean, who urges
 Through darkness and tempests, his blue path to
 fame ;

May the sea spare her hero, and waft on her surges
 Blessings and peace to the land whence he came :

Round the forehead of art twine the wreath that
 she loves,

And harden to labour the sinews of youth ;
 With a hedge of stout hearts guard our Eden's fair
 groves,

And temper their valour with mercy and truth :
 Bless him, to whom heaven its bright flame com-
 mendeth,

And shadow his couch with the folds of thy love ;
 Give light to our judges—the heart that ne'er
 bendeth—

Inspire our bards, and our teachers approve.

Straal for enhver især, som veed, hvad han begiærte!
· **Giv ham at naae sit Maal og troe sig lykkelig!**
Men alles Bryst opflam, at hvert et indfødt Hierte
Maa føle Danmarks Vel, før det erindrer sig.
Og lær os agte det vor Lyst, vort Held, vor Ære,
Med ægte Danne-Dyd at pryde Danskes Hiem;
At andre see vor Glands, og at vi selv maa lære,
At elske Fremmede—og ei at savne dem!

Oh, bless'd be the firm-hearted hero, who weaves not
A thought or a wish but his spirit may own!
Oh, shame on the cold son of interest, who cleaves
not

To the heart of his country, and loves her alone!
Be her welfare our glory—our joy—our devotion;
Unchill'd be her valour, her worth undecay'd;
May her friends on her fields gaze with rapture's
emotion;
May she long love the stranger, but ask not his
aid!



NOTES.

Poem I. stan. 1, l. 1, p. 9.

King CHRISTIAN took his fearless stand.

KING CHRISTIAN THE FOURTH of Denmark and Norway, who died at the age of 71, in the year 1648, after a reign of fifty-two years, was held in so high esteem by the potentates of Europe, that they styled him their father. To the opinion which Queen Elizabeth of England, in particular, entertained of him, numerous Latin letters preserved in the British Museum bear the most honourable and gratifying testimonies. Nor was he less respected and beloved by the nations of Europe, and by none more so than the people of England, who took particular pains to express their admiration and regard, while the Danish monarch sojourned among them, on a visit to Queen Elizabeth. Christian the Fourth was at once the greatest and the best monarch that ever filled the throne of Denmark. Nature, education, and opportunities alike combined to render him a blessing to his own country, and an honour to mankind.

The throne of Christian was surrounded by able and honourable men, who laboured with zeal to imitate the

illustrious example of patriotic devotion exhibited in the character and conduct of their monarch. At no period of Danish history were the interests of the country more wisely consulted, or more effectually promoted, excepting indeed those cases in which some of the best schemes of public utility were frustrated, by the perverseness and selfishness of the aristocracy. To extinguish the overgrown power of that class, Christian must certainly have deemed a very desirable object; but he probably conceived that that could not be accomplished but by a violation of those wholesome principles of polity, in which only the country at large could find the best safeguard of its real interests. Christian therefore contented himself with doing all the good for which the limited extent of his regal power afforded him legitimate means.

Christian the Fourth, himself competently skilled in various sciences and arts, greatly delighted in munificently patronizing their votaries. He was the personal friend of Tycho Brahe. As a legislator and an administrator of justice, Christian entitled himself to the highest praises. The aristocracy found themselves strong enough to refuse their assistance, when the very salvation of the country was at stake; but Christian taught them, that they could not, with impunity, violate the positive laws of the land.

In Norway the fame of Christian rose to the highest summit of human splendour. He kindled and cherished the flame of liberty in Norway. He performed upwards of fifty journies from one extremity to the other of that interesting country, every where laying the foundation, as he did in Denmark, of all that is solid in both kingdoms, to

adopt the language of an excellent and intrepid Danish historian*.

It is worthy of remark, that, amidst the devastations occasioned to the city of Copenhagen, by accidental fires and hostile operations, the splendid monuments of the reign of Christian the Fourth have nearly all escaped the destruction with which they have in later times been so imminently threatened; they still furnish many an interesting recollection of Denmark's proudest era, and afford some consolation, however sad, for the disappearance of the noblest memorial of the administration of Christian the Fourth.

The navy of Denmark was indebted for its existence to that monarch, who was at a very early period of life not only trained up for the naval profession, but received at the same time from Tycho Brahe and others, instructions in the art of ship-building, and other branches of science connected with the purposes of navigation. The fleet in consequence became the darling object of his attention, and in this pursuit he was sedulously encouraged by the Chancellor Niels Kaast†, who on his death-bed earnestly conjured the young king, then seventeen years old, to take care of his fleet, lest his neighbours should suddenly attack him. Previously instructed, and naturally disposed to attach a due degree of importance to an object which would open to himself and to his countrymen the most congenial road to "might and fame," as the song expresses it, Christian the

* Historical Essays, by N. D. Riegels, vol. 1, page 149.

† One of the members of the regency during the minority of Christian the Fourth.

Fourth omitted no opportunity during his long reign, that could evince to the world how strongly he had been impressed with the dying exhortation of the venerable Niels Kaas. The fleet he wisely regarded as the proper means of securing the respect of friends and foes. Thus on his visit to Queen Elizabeth, he took with him seven superb line of battle ships; and fifty years after the impressive scene with Niels Kaas, he proved how well he could himself perform the duty which he and his country expected every Dane would do on his favourite element.

In the year 1644, the Swedish fleet, commanded by Admiral Claas Flemming, sailed across the Baltic towards the isle of Femern. Christian had twice fallen in with the Dutch on the west coast of Jutland, and prevented their junction with the Swedes, whom he encountered off Colberg.

The Royal Dane unfurled the flag of defiance, and commenced an action, which lasted the whole day. The Swedes sustained a signal defeat, and sought their safety in flight; but the crippled state of Christian's fleet after so long and arduous a battle, and the approach of the Dutch fleet, which might be momentarily expected, precluded the possibility of reaping all the advantages which would otherwise have resulted from the victory. Christian thus successfully averted the danger of invasion, with which the Swedish fleet had threatened Denmark, and only delayed until it should effect a junction with the Dutch fleet.

During the battle, Christian's valour shone with transcendant lustre; he was wounded in his head, and fell down senseless. "The king is killed!" exclaimed a sailor. "What if he is?" rejoined another, "he was only one man; but let

us revenge his death!" He cheered as he said so, and the whole ship's company joined in the shout. The king recovering at the instant, calmly observed, "You are right, my bold fellow, I am but one man." Christian's wound was dressed at his post*, which he never quitted till the enemy was put to flight.

Christian the Fourth was in the 67th year of his age when this action took place, and if any thing can add to his fame, it was his perfect resignation. He was not less prepared for death than ardent in the battle. Before he sailed in pursuit of the Swedes, he committed his sceptre and crown to the hands of his son, and made the necessary arrangements respecting his domestic affairs, in case he should not return alive.

Stan. 2, l. 1, p. 10.

NILS YULE† beheld the storm roll nigh.

Admiral JUEL, by birth a Norwegian, was one of the most distinguished naval heroes of his age. He commanded in not less than eight general engagements, respecting

* The white handkerchief, which was applied to the king's wound, is still preserved in the palace of Rosenborg, at Copenhagen. At the conflagration of the palace of Christiansborg, a noble picture, by Professor Abildgaard, representing Christian the Fourth when he was wounded, on the occasion alluded to, was unfortunately destroyed, with a whole series of paintings by the same artist, from the most interesting subjects in Danish history.

† Some little alteration of the names of Admirals Juel and Tordenskiold has been deemed necessary in order to accommodate them to English pronunciation.

which the following particulars are selected from the poetical records of the Bishop Thomas Kingo, in *Hafnia Hodierna*, 1748.

1. Battle off Rösand, 1659; where Juel, who had hitherto held an important military command at the siege of Copenhagen, defeated the Swedish fleet, and forced it to seek shelter at Vismar.

2. Battle off the isle of Gothland, May 1, 1676, and the capture of that island.

3. Battle off Bornholm, May 7, 1676. Here Juel was attacked by the fleet of Sweden, which was twice as strong as that of Denmark. But the Danish admiral fought his way through the Swedes, and gained the bay of Kiöge without material loss in killed and wounded, and with great honour to himself and his gallant companions.

4. Battle off the isle of Oeland, June 1, 1676. In this action the Danish fleet fought in conjunction with a Dutch squadron under Tromp against the Swedish admirals Creutz and Uglä. Creutz's ship, the *Crown*, with upwards of 1000 men on board was blown up; the *Sword*, the flagship of Admiral Uglä, shared a similar fate. Four other Swedish line of battle ships fell into the power of the conquerors.

5. Battle in the roads of Colberg, June 1, 1677. A Swedish squadron of eleven sail of the line, commanded by Admiral Sioeblad, left Gottenburgh, and passed through the Belt, with a view to effect a junction with the Swedish fleet in the Baltic, which was however frustrated by the matchless vigilance, zeal, and courage of Juel. He fell in with them in the roads of Colberg, and after a most sanguinary conflict, succeeded in capturing the Swedish

admiral's ship, and five more sail of the line, which he carried to Copenhagen.

6. Battle in the bay of Kiöge, July 1, 1677. The Swedish fleet under Admiral General Count Horn, consisted of forty-six ships of war; Juel had twenty-five sail of the line. He was obliged to quit his own ship, and in the course of the action shifted his flag to two other vessels. It proved the most important victory in the naval annals of Denmark. The Swedes lost 15 sail of the line, 3000 prisoners, and 1200 killed and wounded. The Danes had only 300 men killed and wounded, and did not lose a single ship. For this victory Juel was immediately made admiral lieutenant general, and a privy counsellor. He had likewise a grant of considerable estates; and in order to render his memory sacred to after-ages a medal* was struck in honour of the event, which represents the bust of Juel on one side, and the engagement on the other.

7. Battle off Rugen, September 7, 1678. The Swedish fleet endeavoured to obstruct the landing of the Danish forces, which were sent against that island; but the skill, bravery, and good fortune of Admiral Juel triumphed over all obstacles, and the island of Rugen was subjected to the authority of Denmark.

8. Battle in Calmar Sound, July 9, 1679. Here Admiral Juel defeated the Swedes, taking one of their ships, named the *Salmon*. He pursued them, and overtaking

* An impression of this medal is preserved in the Royal Naval Academy, at Copenhagen, in the same case which contains a gold medal struck in honour of the battle of the Nile, and presented by Lord Nelson.

five of their ships off the isle of Gulland, succeeded in destroying the *Key*, a most magnificent vessel.

It then pleased God, to use the language of the poetic bishop, to lock up the terrible and bloody war, in which Admiral Juel had gained so many honours.

Stan 3, l. 4, p. 10.

For terror fights with TORDENSKOLD.

Admiral TORDENSKIOLD was, in the literal sense of the words by which he was designated on being raised to the honours of nobility—thunder (*Torden*) to the enemy's, and a shield (*Skiold*) to his own country. Never did any nation produce a naval hero more humane, magnanimous, intrepid, valiant, and full of resources than *Peter Vessel*; who, from being a tailor's apprentice, rose to the dignity of a vice-admiral and a nobleman. He was born at Drontheim, in Norway. The present opportunity does not admit of a detail of the multifarious and splendid exploits of this wonderful character; but the rapidity of his promotion will no doubt be deemed perfectly conclusive of the importance of his services.

By his daring attack on the Swedish port of Dynekil, where Charles the Twelfth had assembled a great number of vessels laden with ammunition and provisions, which were all captured or destroyed by the Danes, Tordenskiold effectually frustrated the schemes of the Swedish king against Norway, in the year 1716. His frequent descents on the coasts of Sweden were always attended by those beneficial results to his country, which, a century after-

wards, were so fondly anticipated by the illustrious Nelson, from the employment of a floating army, as he expressed himself.

It redounds exceedingly to the honour of Tordenskiold, that his patriotic antipathies as a Norwegian, and his resentments as a loyal subject of the King of Denmark, on no occasion betrayed him into any aggressions on the unarmed inhabitants of Sweden. He inspired them with terror only, never with horror; and his gallant companions in arms proved that they were actuated by the same spirit of humanity which distinguished their leader. After the capture of the town of Marstrand, the inhabitants were placed in the most cruel predicament, by the firing from the adjacent fort, which was kept up for the purpose of dialodging Tordenskiold. He instantly wrote to the Swedish governor, entreating him to cease firing until the inhabitants of the town, and such effects as could be removed, were placed in safety. His proposal was complied with, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who had not been taught to expect such benevolence from an enemy whose name they employed as a bug-bear to frighten their children.

Among his own countrymen, and more especially among those under his command, Tordenskiold possessed all the respect and affection which his exalted character, and the brilliancy of his exploits so justly entitled him to. His country was to him the highest consideration on earth; his bitterest personal enemy he no longer regarded as a foe, when he proved himself a friend to Denmark. Thus Captain Vosbein, of the navy, had been repeatedly guilty of

breaches of duty, accompanied by marks of disrespect to Tordenskiold, which induced the admiral to transmit complaints to the admiralty, and at the same time to dispatch an order for putting Captain Vosbein under arrest. Before the order could be executed, Captain Vosbein had the good fortune to fall in with a Swedish vessel of far superior force, which he most gallantly engaged, and after a desperate action succeeded in capturing. Tordenskiold was so much struck with Captain Vosbein's exploit, that he instantly forgot all his offences, and not only addressed a congratulatory letter to him, full of the warmest expressions of friendship and regard, but recommended the captain so strongly to the admiralty and to the king, that he was promoted to the rank of commodore.

The life of Tordenskiold abounds with instances of the most adventurous intrepidity and determined valour. He once went on shore in Sweden with a small party to obtain intelligence, and unfortunately fell into an ambush, whence some Swedish dragoons sallied forth. Tordenskiold's men took to their heels, and he was himself for once compelled to turn his back on his foes. He was however overtaken, before he could reach the beach, by one of the dragoons, who, placing himself between Tordenskiold and the water, called upon him to surrender. Tordenskiold, who grasped his naked sword, said he would surrender; upon which another dragoon rode forward to take his sword. But Tordenskiold instantly cut off the dragoon's hand, and exclaiming, "Not this time!" leaped between the other two dragoons, and threw himself into the sea. Placing his sword in his mouth, he swam to his boat, pursued

indeed by the Swedish dragoons, as far as they could follow him; but Tordenskiold being a skilful and swift swimmer, and they being without fire-arms, he succeeded in effecting his escape.

His attack on the shipping at Gottenburgh is an instance of boat-service, which may well be compared with the most brilliant achievements of that kind recorded in the naval annals of any country. The Swedes had captured some small armed and trading vessels from the Danes while they lay at anchor off the coast of Sweden. Tordenskiold determined to obtain redress, and marked out Gottenburgh for the scene of his enterprize. He set off in the evening with ten launches, and contrived to elude the vigilance of the Swedish guard-vessels; he passed unobserved by the fortress of New Elfsborg, and in the best order possible reached the fortifications of Old Elfsborg, by which the shipping was protected. Tordenskiold disembarked his men, who seized the Swedish guard, spiked the guns on the fortifications, and began to warp the ships out of the harbour. Independently of the vessels taken from the Danes, the harbour contained a new 36 gun frigate, several galleys, a bomb, and a ship fitted for a powder magazine, every one of which Tordenskiold captured. But the intricacies of Gottenburgh river obliged him to set fire to the prizes, except a few of the recaptured Danish vessels. The inhabitants of Gottenburgh, and the garrison of New Elfsborg, were thrown into the greatest consternation; they stared, and wondered how their ships, moored in a secure harbour, could possibly blow up one after another, and thus in some measure enabled the gallant Tordenskiold to complete his

retaliation effectually. When Tordenskiold had re-embarked his men, and proceeded to join his ships in the offing, he was hailed by a Swedish boat. He replied, "Tordenskiold! I have been here to teach your governor vigilance." On repassing the fortress of New Elfsborg, a tremendous fire was kept up on the Danish boats; but fortune continuing to favour Tordenskiold, no material injury was done either to his men or to the boats.

Of his determined valour the following example may give an adequate idea. Being ordered to quit the Norway station, he set sail for Copenhagen, in a small Swedish prize, mounting two guns, with a crew of twenty-two hands. In the course of the voyage he was overtaken by a Swedish sloop of war. Against such a disparity of force the bravest man would have been justified in declining a contest; but difficulties and dangers only crowded upon Tordenskiold to afford him the more exquisite delight in overcoming them. He placed both the guns on one side of the vessel, and made the necessary arrangements for keeping up a brisk fire of musquetry. Two servants he directed to be at his side, to load his rifles as fast as he discharged them.

The first broadside from the Swedish sloop killed and wounded some of Tordenskiold's crew; and the kind of resistance which he made appeared so trifling, that the Swedes called out to him to surrender. The Danish admiral replied, that they were fighting with Tordenskiold, who never thought of surrendering.

At length, however, Tordenskiold's vessel appeared unable to sustain a longer conflict, when the Swedish com-

mander, waving his hat, exclaimed, "I am happy to have it in my power to carry Tordenskiold to Gottenburgh!" "Neither you nor any other Swede shall ever do that," replied Tordenskiold, and shot the Swedish captain at the instant. Tordenskiold then ordered his musicians to strike up a national air, which the crew accompanied with hearty cheers. The notion of Tordenskiold's invincibility at this moment recurred to the Swedes with such force that they sheered off.

During the action, Tordenskiold had been in great want of bullets; he was not however at a loss, but made use of some English block tin, which he cut into pieces for the purpose.

The manner in which he obtained possession of the Swedish fortress of Marstrand, deserves to be noticed as an apt illustration of the fertile resources of his mind. When he had taken the town, he wrote to the commandant of the fort, informing him that he was resolved to take the fort, that he had plenty of troops, and that he expected a speedy reinforcement of a whole army, for the purpose of effecting ulterior objects. With a view to impose on the credulity of the commandant, he added, that he might send an officer to view his troops and preparations, and he would find all that he had advanced to be true. The Swedish commandant took Tordenskiold at his word, and dispatched a captain to review the Danish troops. When the captain produced his credentials, Tordenskiold told him, without hesitation, that his wish should be complied with, and in his hearing ordered the troops to be mustered in the streets. Tordenskiold then invited the Swedish

captain to breakfast, and after the repast they walked out to view the soldiers. But Tordenskiold had drawn his men up in so artful a manner, that as soon as a certain body of them had been reviewed, the party slyly stole into another street, and were again drawn up. The Swedish captain, surrounded by Danish officers, who kept him in constant conversation, did not perceive the stratagem, and returned to the commandant, whom he assured, that the whole town of Marstrand was lined with Danish troops; upon which the fort surrendered.

The fame of Tordenskiold was so well established abroad as well as at home, that his majesty King George the First of England, expressed a wish to see the Danish admiral. In obedience to that monarch's desire, Tordenskiold accordingly set off, and by the way stopped some time at Hamburgh. Here a Swedish colonel Stael happened to excite considerable attention among the higher orders of society, by pretending to have in his possession a snake with seven crowned heads. The circumstance attracted the notice of a youth in the suite of Tordenskiold, whose curiosity easily prompted him to pay the Swedish colonel a visit. He did not however see the snake, but was enticed to play, and lost a great deal of money. Tordenskiold was informed of what had happened, and being one day at the house of the burgomaster when the story of the snake became the topic of conversation, took occasion to declare that the fellow who pretended to possess the snake in question was nothing but an arrant knave, who had tricked an inexperienced youth in his suite out of a large sum of money. Tordenskiold's words were no sooner uttered than

a person walked up to him, and demanded how he came to speak so very confidently on the subject. "Dare you thus address a Danish admiral, sir?" replied Tordenskiold with great warmth. "Yes," returned the person who put the question, at the same time raising his stick in a menacing attitude, "for I am the man who possesses the snake. I am Colonel Stael, in his Swedish majesty's service." "Then, sir, you are the arrant knave I declared you to be before I was personally acquainted with you; and I will immediately prove my words with effect," said Tordenskiold; snatched the stick out of the Swedish colonel's hand, gave him a sound beating with it, broke the stick, and threw the fragments out of the window. A challenge was sent by Colonel Stael, which Tordenskiold justly considered beneath his dignity to accept. Some officious persons, with a ridiculous tenderness for Tordenskiold's character, if not from baser motives, however interfered, and Tordenskiold agreed to meet Colonel Stael, but declined settling the matter by means of pistols, conceiving that he should certainly possess an undue superiority over his antagonist; for Tordenskiold was confessedly the best shot of his day. Unfortunately, however, he carried his romantic sense of honour still further, and took with him only a dress sword, while Colonel Stael brought a large sword. Skilfully, however, as Tordenskiold handled his weapon, Fortune, as *Holberg* beautifully expresses it in his Latin epitaph on Tordenskiold, left him in a private quarrel, whom she had never abandoned in public strife.

Colonel Stael did not, however, long enjoy what he vauntingly proclaimed a national triumph. His line of life

would naturally often involve him in disputes, and he fell some time afterwards by the hands of a Danish officer,

The body of Tordenskiold was conveyed to Copenhagen for interment in the Navy Church, where a monument has been erected to his memory, with the following inscription:

Conditar hac urna Borealis gloria Ponti,
Danorum plausus delicisque breves,
Ferreâ quem Lachesis raptum florentibus annis,
Dum numerat Palmas, credidit esse senem.

Which Mr. Walker has thus translated:

Here rests the glory of the Northern main,
Denmark's brief pride, unconquered Tordenskold:
Fate broke in early youth his vital chain,
Yet, while she summ'd his actions, thought him old.

Tordenskiold was but twenty-eight years old when he died.

Stan. 4, l. 1, 2, p. 11.

*Thou darksome deep! the Dane's pathway
To might and fame!*

In attempting to illustrate our naval character by means of proofs drawn from the exploits of Christian the Fourth, Niels Juel, and Tordenskiold, I must not forget the remoteness of the periods in which those heroes challenged the gratitude of their own country, and the admiration of the world. It has been truly observed by one of the most distinguished philosophers of our country: "It is a misfortune to any nation to be obliged to retrace several centuries, for the purpose of finding great examples worthy of its imitation. It was sickening to hear the degenerate Athenians still

boast of the victories of their ancestors at Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa. In like manner the achievements of the inhabitants of the North are now out of date. The exploits of Niels Juel and Tordenskiold, it is true, were performed at no very great distance of time; and they fill the bosoms of our naval heroes with ardour. Yet the vivid impressions produced by the deeds of those distinguished warriors would scarcely have been preserved for any considerable length of time, if more recent events, and the 2d of April, 1801, in particular, had not demonstrated, that the enthusiasm of those heroes still continues to animate their posterity*."

Under these impressions I must avail myself of the opportunity to submit some particulars relative to an action, in which, to adopt the language of the most honest and spirited biographer of Lord Nelson, "there was nothing of that indignation against the enemy, and that impression of retributive justice, which at the Nile had given a sterner temper to Lord Nelson's mind, and a sense of austere delight in beholding the vengeance of which he was the appointed minister. The Danes were an honourable foe; they were of English mould, as well as English blood†."

* Speech in commemoration of the battle off Copenhagen, 2d of April, 1801, by Professor N. Treschow.

† The Life of Nelson, by Robert Southey; 2d edition, vol. 2, page 141.

THE BATTLE OFF COPENHAGEN.

An Historical Sketch.

BY

A NATIVE OF DENMARK.

The intelligence that a British fleet was seen off the Sound, produced a much more general alarm in Copenhagen than its actual arrival in our roads. Our means of defence were in such a state, that we could scarcely hope to resist, much less to repel an enemy.

There could be no doubt as to the British fleet passing the Sound the moment an opportunity offered, considering how the Dutch Admiral Opdam passed it with his fleet, during the siege of Copenhagen, in the years 1658-60. At that time Cronborg was in possession of the Swedes. They had numerous batteries on their shore, and a considerable fleet riding in the Sound. Yet Opdam fought his way through this triple fire, and with the loss of one ship only reached the roads of Copenhagen.

For seven days the wind proved unfavourable to the British, during which time our best exertions were employed in making every possible preparation.

On the morning of March the 30th, about seven o'clock, the thundering peals of Cronborg put an end to suspense,

Very shortly after we could discern the approach of the enemy's fleet, which, as the wind blew fresh, advanced very rapidly, and anchored within nine or ten miles of the city. A frigate, a lugger, and a brig stood on towards our line, for the purpose of reconnoitring. But the battery of the Three Crowns, and the fire from the block ships, compelled them to retire. The magnificence of this spectacle naturally produced various impressions on our minds; but, whether favourable, or unfavourable, they were soon lost in the enthusiasm and unanimity which pervaded all classes. The question was not, who is the enemy? but, where is the enemy? It was a moment of impending danger; the duty we owed our country, therefore, inspired us with only one sentiment. The noble spirit displayed by the students at the siege in 1658-60 was now equally conspicuous in their successors, who with one hand and one heart associated themselves into a corps of twelve hundred; while those sons of the muses, whom age or infirmity prevented from rallying round the standard of patriotism, did all in their power to encourage and confirm so laudable an effort, Chamberlain Lindenkrone sent a thousand dollars to the aid of those students, whose private means were unequal to the expense of this public duty.

The first and second days passed quietly over; but, on the morning of the first of April, we could perceive an unusual bustle among the English shipping. Some frigates and lighter vessels got under weigh, and were employed in sounding. Towards evening twelve sail of the line, all the frigates, and most of the smaller vessels, weighed, and with northerly breeze passed through the Hollander deep.

Admiral Parker, with eight sail of the line and two small vessels, preserved his station; while Vice-Admiral Nelson anchored, with his division, beyond the fire of our outermost ships.

Conjecture was now at an end. A change of wind to the southward would enable Lord Nelson to bear down with his division. We anxiously awaited the awful moment. Our ships were moored with four anchors; and manned, indiscriminately, by people hastily collected for the present exigency; all hands had been constantly on the alert during the two former nights, a third was now added to their fatigue; and when it is considered that these people were unacquainted with the exercise of great guns; that they were all day employed in practising, and all night in watching; the compliment paid them by Mr. Bardenfleth, first lieutenant on board the *Charlotte Amalia*, in his professional account of the battle, will not be deemed vain.

He says, "The spirit which animated all on board, and not their actual strength, enabled them to perform what they did."

On the morning of the 2d of April the wind veered to the south, and our commodore made the signal for the whole line to lay the broadside to the enemy.

The following Ships and Battery composed our Line:

1. *Prövesteen*, Capt. Lassen, 58, ship of the line, cut down, without masts.
2. *Vagriën*, Capt. Riisbrigh, 50, ship of the line, cut down, without masts.

3. Rendsborg, Capt. Egede, 20, prame, rigged.
4. Nyeberg, Capt. Rothe, 20, prame, rigged.
5. Iylland, Capt. Branth, 50, ship of the line, cut down, without masts.
6. Aggershauss, Lieut. Fasting, 20, prame, rigged.
7. Cronborg, Lieut. Hauch, 24, frigate, cut down, without masts.
8. Danbrog, Com. Fischer, Capt. Braun, 64, ship of the line, without masts.
9. Elven, Capt. Holsten, 18, repeating sloop of war.
10. Heyen, Lieut. Muller, 18, floating battery, without masts.
11. No. 1, Lieut. Villemoes, 24, floating battery, without masts.
12. Sielland, Capt. Harboe, 74, ship of the line, with masts, but no sails.
13. Sværdfisken, Lieut. Sommerfeldt, 18, floating battery, without masts.
14. Holsteen, Capt. Ahrenfelt, 64, ship of the line, with masts, but no sails.
15. Charlotte Amalia, Capt. Koefoed, 26, an old Indiaman cut down, without masts.
16. Søehesten, Lieut. Middelboe, 18, floating battery, without masts.
17. Infødsretten, Capt. Thura, 64, ship of the line, without masts.
18. Hielperen, Lieut. Lillieniskiold, 20, bomb, but had at that time no mortars on board.
19. Eleven gun boats of two guns each, which retired immediately at the commencement of the action.

20. The battery of the Three Crowns, 64, eight 36 pounders, fifty-six 24 pounders, three mortars of 150lb. each (not employed), one carronade of 96, and three of 36lb. (not employed).

21. The Elephant, 64, ship of the line, without masts.

These were the only ships, and battery, which the British fleet seriously attacked. The Mars, of 64 guns, was stationed astern of the Elephant, to protect the entrance of the inner roads, but was not much engaged.

The following ships, lying in the inner roads, under the command of Commodore Steen Bille, all ready for sea—Danmark, 74, Commodore Steen Bille; Tre Kroner, 74, Captain Riegelsen; Iris, 44, Captain Brown; Sarpen, 18, Captain Fabritius Tenguagel; Nid-Elven, 18, Captain Gethe—took no part in the action.

Neither the citadel, the batteries of the new dock yard, nor those on the Island of Amack, could render any assistance, from the remote situation of our line of defence, beyond which the British fleet lay. Another strong proof may be adduced; the shot from the British fleet passed over our block ships, without material injury to the batteries, and only one ship, the Danmark, had a few men wounded with the splinters of a gun shivered by a ball from the English.

Between nine and ten o'clock both divisions of the British weighed. Admiral Parker, with the characteristic zeal of a British seaman, beat up against wind and current towards the battery of the Three Crowns, proposing to awe our ships in the inner roads; while the Hero of the Nile bore right down on our line.

The *Edgar* led the British ships in all the sublimity and terror, of which the poet has given so impressive a description.

"As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time *."

The battle commenced at five minutes after ten, when the *Prövesteen* opened her fire on the *Edgar*. Our second ship, the *Vagriën*, then poured a broadside into the *Edgar*, which she returned. And as the British came rapidly up, two-thirds of our ships were soon engaged. As our line was not broken, only one-half of the force on either side was consequently employed.

It would be vain in me to touch upon subjects which have, if I may use the expression, exhausted the powers of poets and artists. British valour and skill have been so often displayed, that I need only say, the brave tars on this occasion, scarcely perceived the signal, before the glory of Albion shone in all its wonted splendour.

Our foremost ship, the *Prövesteen* (*Touchstone*), was exposed, during the whole of the action, to the fire of the *Polyphemus*, of 64 guns, the *Russel* and the *Bellona*, 74's; which two latter ships ran aground at the commencement of the battle; but this misfortune (as Lord Nelson observes in his report) did not impede the service. The *Prövesteen* was, at the same time raked by *La Désiré*, of 40 guns, and a gun brig.

* The Battle of the Baltic, by Thomas Campbell.

The *Prøvesteen* drew from the Commander in Chief the following acknowledgment: "My sense of Danish bravery, high as it is, was still more exalted by the conduct of the *Prøvesteen*, which continued to fight till all her guns were dismounted." How her noble example, which the Danish line throughout so gloriously imitated, must have been appreciated by the enemy, may be inferred from the disappointment of the expectation which Lord Nelson was led to form before the battle*.

Captain Riisbrigh stood, on this occasion, as undaunted upon the quarterdeck of the *Vagriën*, as when a lieutenant on board the *Formidable*, under the gallant Rodney, on the 12th of April, 1782. For England he assisted to acquire glory and success; for Denmark he only obtained glory.

Soon after eleven o'clock the *Danbrog*, Captain Braunn, took fire, which compelled Commodore Fischer to shift his broad pendant to the *Holstein*; but Captain Braunn continued to fight her till he lost his right hand. Captain Lemming succeeded in the command; and although the flames around them threatened immediate destruction, the *Danbrog* maintained her fire till the close of the engagement, against her powerful adversary, the *Glatton*, which latter mounted 68-pound carronades on her lower deck.

* "No. 1, 2, 3, and 4 being subdued, which is expected to happen at an early period, the *Isis* and *Agamemnon* are to cut their cables, and immediately make sail, and take their station ahead of the *Polyphemus*, in order to support that part of the line."—Orders of Lord Nelson previously to the battle.

When Commodore Fischer, whose coolness and judgment had been previously put to the most honourable trial*, left the Danbrog, the battle raged with the utmost fury. The British, finding that our foremost ships were far from slackening fire, now extended their line, and at noon all our ships, as well as the battery, were strenuously engaged in the awful contest.

Captain Thura, of the Indfödsretten, fell at the beginning of the action; and all the subaltern officers, excepting one lieutenant and one marine officer, were either killed or wounded. In this state of confusion the colours were, by accident, struck; the British, however, made no attempt to board the Indfödsretten, she being rather dangerously moored athwart our battery. A boat was dispatched from the ship with the tidings of her commander's death to the Prince Royal, who from the dawn of day had taken his station upon a battery. Here, amid showers of shells and cannon balls, Frederic the wise, the good, and the brave, superintended, calmly and actively, for the assistance of the ships engaged. By showing how a prince ought to meet danger, he taught others to despise it.

When the Prince received this message from the Indfödsretten, he turned round, and with an air that gave confidence to all about him said, "Gentlemen, Thura is killed; which of you will take the command?" "I will," replied Captain Schrödersee, in a feeble voice; and hastened eagerly

* He had lately returned from the Cape of Good Hope, where his ship, the Oldenborg, a 64, was wrecked, in company with the Sceptre, a British man of war, on the 6th of November, 1799.

on board. This gentleman had been a captain in the navy; but on account of extreme ill health had lately resigned. The hour of necessity seemed to invigorate his wasted form, and in hopes to serve his country he forgot himself.

The crew, perceiving a new commander coming alongside, hoisted the colours and fired a broadside. When Captain Schrödersee came on deck he found great numbers killed and wounded. He therefore instantly called to the men in the boat to get quickly on board. It was his last effort. He was at that moment killed by a cannon ball.—Mr. Nissen, a lieutenant of the navy, who attended this gallant tar to his noble fate, next took the command; and continued to fight the ship for the remainder of the day.

The engagement had now lasted upwards of three hours, without any glimpse of victory on either side. A determined perseverance animated both parties. Our line steadfastly preserved its original position, and every ship maintained its station except the Rendsborg prame, which drove ashore, her cables having been shot away at the commencement of the attack; and the Elven, a repeating sloop of war, which had sheered off a little after twelve, her masts being very materially damaged.

When the British fleet first bore down upon us, the eleven gun boats retired.

About two o'clock the fire from the respective fleets abated considerably; and when the smoke somewhat cleared away, the dreadful effects of this murderous battle became strikingly visible.

At two o'clock the Nyeborg prame, having her main, mizen mast, bowsprit, and foretop-mast shot away, and

the captain perceiving her almost ready to sink, ordered the cables to be cut, and the foresail to be set, that they might steer for the inner roads. As he passed the line he found the *Aggershuus*, a vessel of the same description, in the most miserable plight, her masts having all gone by the board, and the hull on the eve of sinking. Captain Rothe showed himself a true seaman, who not only resolutely meets his own dangers, but also cheerfully shares in those of others. He fastened a cable from his stern to the stem of the *Aggershuus*, and towed her off.

Soon after two o'clock, Commodore Fischer removed his broad pendant from the *Holsteen* to the battery of the *Three Crowns*, whence he commanded during the latter part of the engagement.

At this moment Lieutenant Lillienkiold, finding his ship, the *Hielperen*, surrounded by a very superior force, cut his cables, and brought her safe into the inner roads. Mr. Lillienkiold was no stranger to the business of the day; he had in the year 1799, fought in the *West Indies* with a privateer, and both contended so obstinately, that they were obliged to separate for want of powder.

Last, though not least, is Mr. Villemoes, a second lieutenant, who commanded the floating battery, No. 1. Much has been said about his skill in manœuvring his raft, which consisted merely of a number of beams nailed together, with a flooring laid to support the guns. It was square, with a breast work full of port holes, and without masts. I shall not take upon myself to decide how far it were possible to manage such a log, but merely say, the manner in which Villemoes manœuvred his guns, and ultimately

saved his raft, attracted the notice of Lord Nelson, whose ship lay for some time opposite the floating battery. The Admiral, in the handsomest manner, noticed to the Prince Royal, how much the country, on future occasions, might fairly expect from the valour and ability of young Villemoes*. This trait of his lordship I consider as a never-fading flower in the wreath which military talents and success have twined around his brow.

At half-past two our fire had nearly subsided; but the Jutland, the last ship that returned the enemy's shot, was still engaged, as was the Prøvesteen. However, the fire from the Three Crowns battery had just begun to produce the most dreadful effect, when the white flag was unfurled from Lord Nelson's maintop.

An English boat, with a flag of truce, came along-side the Elephant; the captain of which sent an officer in his boat to accompany it ashore. The battery, in the mean time, kept up a heavy cannonade, as did the Elephant. As the wind had been S. S. W. S. and S. S. E. the whole day, with a strong current, Admiral Parker's division advanced but very little; insomuch, that a broadside from the Ramillies, a 74 (his foremost ship), fell far short of the battery.

The flag of truce, having delivered a dispatch to the Prince Royal, returned, and soon after orders were sent to the commander of the battery of the Three Crowns to

* The gallant Villemoes was killed in 1808, on board the Prince Christian Frederick, 74, in her action with the British 64's, Stately and Nassau.

cease firing. The battery at the moment kept up a tremendous fire with peculiar effect on the *Monarch* and *Ganges*, which had grounded, and were entirely at its mercy.

Two flags of truce were then dispatched from shore to Admirals Parker and Nelson; while the British took possession of eleven of our ships.

At the close of the battle the sky became suddenly overcast, which with the shattered appearance of both fleets, the singular spectacle of so many white flags waving from the mast heads, and the reflections natural on such an occasion, combined to render the scene truly awful. Its horrors were at the same time aggravated by the conflagration of the *Danbrog*, which blew up within an hour, and thus met with a fate congenial to that of a former namesake.

Our shores, during the conflict, were lined with an amazing concourse of spectators, from various motives interested in the awful contest. The manner in which the struggle had commenced, and ended, could not fail to prove grateful to us; who had maintained it single-handed. The most lively sentiments of joy, therefore, marked every countenance; for of what consequence was the loss of a few hulks, compared with the loss, or even the disparagement of that honour, which originates in the fidelity of subjects towards their monarch, and his adherence to the engagements he had made?

Such of our gallant countrymen as had been wounded were brought ashore. Hitherto our reflections on their meritorious exertions had solely occupied our minds; but at this sight our thoughts were entirely directed to their sufferings, and selfish exultation yielded to the impulse of generous pity. The hospitals, which had been kept in

immediate readiness for their reception, now offered them a shelter; but they required more—They had rivalled each other in defending all that was dear to us; duty now claimed our exertions in their behalf. Their wounds were naturally the first object of our attention; our fair countrywomen humanely collected a quantity of lint for the occasion. Princesses and beggar girls emulated each other in this honourable competition; they had within two or three days collected such quantities for the hospitals, that the superintendants inserted advertisements in the newspapers, expressing their thanks for what had been received, with a request that no more might be sent. The eagerness to promote their other comforts, was equally uniform and general.

Every housewife sent wine, lemons, sugar, and whatever her stores afforded; while the men came forward to employ their means in substantiating a permanent reward for their zealous defenders.

While we were thus contemplating the present and future results of a well-fought but unfortunate day, a singular opportunity most happily tended to confirm in the public mind that tone which the occasion had so gloriously called forth, and which it was of such vital importance to maintain in a season of imminent public danger.

The Nyeborg prame could not help the Aggershuus any further than a shoal, called Stubben, where she sank. Captain Rothe then worked his own vessel up to the Custom-House*, where she sank to her gunwale. The sight of the

* The landing-place at Copenhagen is commonly so called from its vicinity to the Custom-House.

prame was dreadful in the extreme; there was nothing but the stump of her foremast standing; all her guns, except one, dismounted; her cabin stove in; and her decks covered with dead bodies, and severed limbs. When I reflect on this scene I shudder, as did all who witnessed it; but Professor Rahbek employed it most successfully for a beneficial public purpose, and in the *Danish Spectator*, a work constantly on the alert to lash our follies, to condemn our vices, and to commend our virtues, wrote the following lines:

“Countrymen! repair to the Custom-House, view Nye-borg, and be convinced how a Danish ship must be disabled before a Danish seaman can persuade himself to retire from action!”

The appeal produced an effect on the public mind which I should greatly diminish by attempting to describe it.

On the morning of Good-Friday, about eight o'clock a scene took place, which (if I may say it) excited more universal regret than all the mischances of the preceding day. The *Zealand*, 74, drifted, at the close of the engagement, on the shoal under the battery. Her flag was not to be seen, but the pendant waved from her mainmast head; whence it is as fair to suppose that the flag had been shot away, as that it had been struck; the more so, as several of our ships (among which the *Prøvesteen*) fought the whole battle without any flag. An English gun-brig and three long boats, well manned, laid themselves along side the *Zealand*. The men from the boats went on board, and lashing a cable round the bowsprit of the *Zealand*, the gun-vessel towed her away. In the mean time an English sailor went aloft, took down the *Zealand's* pendant, and

hoisted an English pendant in its place. Commodore Steen Bille, on perceiving this, went in his barge to the battery of the Three Crowns, and demanded of its commander (a major of marines) why he had not sunk the Zealand, rather than suffer her to fall into the hands of the enemy?

The major answered, that as hostilities had ceased, he could not fire. "True," replied Bille, "but do you not see how snugly the English are making off with our ship*?"

Commodore Bille not having received orders on the day of battle to slip his cables and stand out with his little squadron, the propriety or impropriety of not employing his force became a subject of general discussion. The valour of Bille had been conspicuously tried; the officers who served under him were men of skill and intrepidity; the crews were in a state of high discipline and spirits; and their ships very nearly new: it was therefore justifiable to have relied on them with the best hopes of success.

I shall not pretend to decide how far it would have been advisable, however practicable it might have been. It is said, the Prince Royal, not knowing what resistance our line of defence might be able to make against Lord Nelson, had resolved that Bille's squadron should work up close to Copenhagen, if the British division, after subduing our block ships, should attempt to enter the inner roads; for, from the outer roads, the fleet might have bombarded Copenhagen as long as it pleased.

In the course of the forenoon, Admiral Nelson came in his barge into the inner roads, and went on board the Danmark, where he partook of some refreshment, and then proceeded ashore. On his landing, he was received by the

people without either acclamations or murmurs; they did not degrade themselves with the former, nor disgrace themselves with the latter. The Admiral was received as one brave enemy ever ought to receive another—he was received with respect. He proceeded to the palace of the Prince Royal, to whom he was introduced, and the negotiation commenced. The following day his Lordship came again ashore, and dined with the Prince Royal, as he did frequently till the ninth of April, when the armistice was finally concluded.

Stan. 4, lines 7, 8, 9, p. 11.

*'Midst song and mirth life's path I'll tread,
And hasten to my Ocean-bed
Through fame.*

In concluding the illustrations of our most favourite naval song, I must be permitted to avail myself of the testimony which an English traveller bears to its popularity. The Rev. Mr. Coxe, in giving an account of his second visit to Copenhagen, in July, 1784, relates*:

“We were present at an entertainment given by Admiral Moltke, on board the Princess Sophia Frederica, carrying 74 guns and 600 men, going on a cruise to the Baltic, with three other ships of the line. We embarked at the port,

* Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. By William Coxe, vol. 5, pages 105, 106, 107. Fifth Edition, 1802.

and were rowed in the captain's boat to the ship, where we found Count Moltke and a large company, consisting of persons of the first condition. From the cabin we had a delightful view of the town and dock-yard of Copenhagen; of the Danish navy laid up in two lines in the harbour; of several men of war and frigates lying at anchor near us in the road; of numerous vessels sailing and covering the surface of the sea, which was curled by a gentle breeze; of the distant coasts of Sweden, and the adjacent shores of Zealand, richly clothed with wood. Dinner was served on deck, under a canopy of sails and pendants; and forty persons sat down to a superb and elegant repast. After drinking the healths of the king and royal family, each health accompanied with a salute of fifteen guns, Admiral Moltke gave, in compliment to Mr. Elliott, the English envoy, who was present, the Navy of England; and Mr. Elliott in return gave, the Navy of Denmark.

“Several Danish songs were sung to the accompaniment of violins and tambours de basque, which had a pleasing effect. These songs related to naval engagements, and to the honour of the Danish marine; the chorus was repeated by the company, and re-echoed by the whole ship's crew. Books containing the words were handed round, with the Danish on one side, and the English on the other. One song recorded the gallant behaviour of Admiral Hvitfeldt, who, in an engagement with the Swedish fleet, finding his own ship on fire, grappled with two of the enemy's men of war, and blew them up with his own ship. Another song in honour of their favorite hero Christian the Fourth, is as popular in Denmark as ‘Rule Britannia’ in England. I

recollect the following lines of a doggrel translation in the beginning of the song :

‘ King Christian stood high near the mast,
In clouds of smoke :
His shining sword was working fast,
Cleft brains and helmets first and last,
Then sank each gothic hulk and mast
In clouds of smoke.’ ”

It may be proper to correct the account given by Mr. Coxe of the conduct of Hvitsfeldt. The transaction is thus recorded by Mr. Malling*, author of one of the poems in this selection :

“ In the year 1710, the Danish fleet, under command of Admiral Gyldenløve, was sent to the Baltic, in pursuit of a Swedish fleet, commanded by Admiral Wachtmester; but an infectious disease having suddenly seized upon the people, it became necessary for the admiral to bear away for Kiöge Bay, and secure to himself the best defensive position. The Swedish admiral having received this intelligence, hastened to take advantage of their calamity. He appeared off the bay, and engaged, but did not conquer the fleet. On his retreat two ships were stranded off Drako, which he immediately set fire to.

“ During the engagement one of the line of battle ships, the Danbrog, took fire, nor could all their efforts to extinguish the flames avail. Captain Hvitsfeldt saw one ray of hope which seemed to promise safety to himself and his

* Great and good Deeds of Danes, Norwegians, and Holsteinians. English Translation, pages 63, 64.

crew; it was to cut his cables, and drive ashore; there was, however, danger to be apprehended, if the wind should change, in which case she would drift among the Danish fleet, and endanger both shipping and town. Of two evils, Hvitfeldt chose the least. He gave positive orders that the cables should not be cut; then sent his officers among the crew, briefly to explain to them, that their fate either way would be inevitable; and at the same time to ask them, if it would not be more glorious to pursue the destruction of their enemy, while the Danbrog existed, than by a vain attempt to save themselves, endanger thousands of their countrymen?"

"The sailors approved the sentiments of their gallant captain by many cordial cheers. Hvitfeldt then sent six men on board the admiral to inform him of their determination, and to bid their country farewell. In a few minutes the flames reached the magazine,—explosion followed, and all on board perished."

Poem II. stan. 4, l. 5, p. 15.

Thus young HIALTE rush'd to glory.

HIALTE was a renowned chieftain in the earlier periods of Danish history.

Stan. 5, l. 1, p. 17.

Such flame, oh Pastor-chief! impell'd thee.

Archbishop ABSALON, who flourished in the twelfth century, appeared most seasonably for the deliverance of Den-

mark, at a moment when she was reduced to the last extremity of misery at home and insignificance abroad. At that period the succession to the crown, like every thing else, was altogether unsettled; the throne might be filled by any individual of the royal line. The inhabitants of Jutland in consequence chose CANUTE, and the rest of the Danes SVEND to be king of Denmark. A most sanguinary civil war was the result.

The foreign enemies of Denmark naturally took advantage of her deplorable situation, and that country which had made Rome herself tremble, was now insulted by predatory hordes. The pirates of Venden in particular committed the greatest excesses with perfect impunity. They wrapped the coasts of Denmark in a general blaze of devastation, and carried off many of her children into a state of bondage.

At this crisis the young Duke VALDEMAR, afterwards King of Denmark, and surnamed the *Victorious*, and Absalon began to distinguish themselves not less by their virtues than by their talents. Valdemar's father had been slain by Canute's father, he therefore joined the standard of Svend, and was instrumental to many advantages gained over Canute. But Svend happened to be of a suspicious temper, and in reality disliked Valdemar for his virtues as much as for his claims to the crown of Denmark, and actually plotted his destruction. Valdemar, in consequence, found it necessary to take refuge with Canute, and was followed by Absalon. Valdemar was joyfully received in Canute's camp; and being proclaimed King of Jutland, succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between Svend and Canute,

which was sanctioned by the Danes at large, and gave to each king a certain portion of the country.

A ray of hope thus beamed on the wretchedness of Denmark, and all her children rejoiced in the cheering prospect, but King Svend, whose dark mind brooded over fresh mischief. He could not brook Valdemar as a subject, how should he endure him as an equal? He therefore concerted, and in part executed a plan, of which Malling gives the following account:

“Many and dreadful were the contests between Valdemar, Svend Eriksen, and Canute Magnusen, for the crown of Denmark, which at length terminated in a treaty of amity, by which Valdemar retained Jutland; Canute, Zealand, Funen, and the lesser islands; and Svend, Schonen, with its dependencies. Canute and Valdemar rejoicing in this restoration of peace and friendship, felt desirous of consolidating the bonds thus auspiciously cemented, and accordingly invited Svend to an entertainment at Roeskilde. Svend accepted the invitation, but with a view to gratify the rancour which still lurked in his bosom. He privately ordered a party of soldiers to break into the hall of entertainment at a certain time of night, and to kill Valdemar, Canute, and all their attendants. The moment arrived, the attack took place, and the candles being put out, the splendid scene of festive mirth was changed into a loathsome charnel-house.

“At this moment Absalon hastened to the assistance of Valdemar, determined to stand or fall with him; but he mistook Canute for Valdemar, who had fortunately effected his escape. Shortly afterwards the head of Canute was

cleft in twain. Absalon hearing the fatal blow, extended his arms to support Canute, whom he pressed to his heart, and by sighs and tears lamented the fate of his beloved Valdemar, whom he supposed he embraced. Shortly after, discovering his mistake, his spirits revived; he laid down the corpse, and thinking it probable that Valdemar might have escaped in the general confusion, he determined on flight, and without accident reached a village in the vicinity of Roeskilde, where his mother lived.

"The next morning Svend pretended that he had been attacked, and gave orders to pursue Valdemar. But a guardian fate conducted Valdemar to the very same village whither Absalon had repaired. The loyal bishop, overjoyed at the safety of his king, procured him an asylum in his mother's house, dressed his wounds, and paid most constant attention to him, till the king found an opportunity to depart for Jutland, whither he was attended by Absalon.

"Svend immediately fitted out a fleet to attack Valdemar before he should have been enabled to raise troops in Jutland; but the mother and sister of Absalon, with others, contrived to render his vessels unfit for service. By the success of this expedient, Valdemar gained time and strength to defeat Svend when he made his appearance in Jutland."

Valdemar thus became sole King of Denmark; still he had many difficulties to contend with, which generally originated with the privileged orders of the country. They possessed spirit enough to resist the views which Valdemar formed for the benefit of the country; but their courage failed them, when they were called upon to combat by his

side against the enemies of Denmark. Thus the plan of an expedition against the barbarous pirates of Venden was necessarily abandoned for want of means, which in those times could only be supplied by the nobility and clergy.

Absalon however thought and acted differently from the generality of his compeers in rank. "It is not enough," said he, "that we inherit a name; we must deserve it. If we would be honoured on account of our ancestors, we ought to honour them by means of worthy deeds. It is disgusting to behold an imbecile race priding itself on the escutcheons of its great ancestors *."

His virtues had procured for him the see of Roeskilde, where he might have led a luxurious life; and solely confined himself to the management of his clergy; but Absalon felt that his dispirited countrymen stood in need of some illustrious example of patriotic devotion; and he panted for an opportunity of inflicting just retribution on the oppressors of Denmark. An opportunity occurred. Four and twenty piratical vessels from Venden appeared off Børsund, and disembarked a considerable number of men, with a view of engaging in their accustomed work of plunder and murder; but they were encountered by Absalon at the head of a very small party, and after great loss forced to re-embark without effecting their object.

This exploit of Absalon produced great sensation throughout Denmark, and excited a general desire to inflict signal vengeance on the pirates of Venden, whose prince, Bugislaus, had been bribed by the Emperor Frederick the First,

* Eulogy on Absalon, by C. F. Jacobi.

to make a formidable attack on Denmark, because Valdemar disdained to hold his kingdom as a fief of the German Empire.

Bugislaus fitted out five hundred stout and well-manned vessels (the largest fleet that had ever in those days been seen in the Baltic), with an intention of attacking the island of Rugen, a dependency of Denmark.

Absalon hastily collected as many vessels as he could procure from Zealand, Funen, and Schonen, and arrived off Rugen before Bugislaus. Having placed great reliance on the secrecy of his expedition, the Duke of Venden was not less surprised at finding a Danish fleet off Rugen, than he was thunderstruck on hearing of its being commanded by Absalon. A desperate battle ensued, which terminated in the total defeat of the pirates of Venden. Out of their five hundred vessels, thirty-five only escaped.

Thus Absalon chastised the insolence and cruelty of his country's oppressors, and laid a firm foundation for her glory and independence. He died on the 21st of March, 1201, at the age of seventy-three, universally regretted by his friends and respected by his foes. For patriotism, loyalty, and valour he was unrivalled; and he left behind an example of moderation which the world will probably find some difficulty in imitating. On the resignation of Eskild, Archbishop of Lund, Absalon was unanimously elected his successor by the Archbishop (who had received permission to that effect from the Pope), by King Valdemar, and by the people; but Absalon declined the proffered dignity, until the Pope actually threatened to issue a bann against him if he did not accept it.

Stan. 7, lines 1, 2, p. 17.

Thou monument of truth unsailing!
Sublime, unshaken FREDERIKSHALL!

Of the various attacks to which this place has been exposed, Malling, in Great and good Deeds of Danes, Norwegians, and Holsteinians, gives the following account:

“During the Swedish invasion of Norway, in the year 1658, Charles Gustavus ordered a body of 1200 horse and other troops against Frederikshald, an open town on the frontiers. Aware of the undefended state of the place, the Swedes suffered themselves to be persuaded by the Rev. Niels Olsen, to pass a night in the plains of Idd—a device, which he contrived, to afford the inhabitants of Frederikshald time for preparation. The Swedes arriving at Frederikshald, to their great amazement experienced a most vigorous resistance where they imagined not a gun would have been fired. Indeed the citizens had employed the little time granted them by the finesse of the clergyman to such advantage, that the Swedes thought it expedient to desist from the enterprise, and then directed all their vengeance against the Rev. Mr. Olsen, whose house they reduced to the ground.

“After this successful repulse, the inhabitants, aware of the importance of their town to the enemy, instantly began to throw up fortifications.

“Thus Frederikshald, from being an open town, suddenly became a formidable garrison, and more than ever engaged the attention of the enterprising Charles Gustavus, who in

the year 1660 fully determined to reduce it. After the unsuccessful siege of Copenhagen he meditated a main attack upon Norway, and commenced the siege of Frederikshald with a body of 9000 men, under the orders of Field-Marshal Lorentz Kagge, Gustavus Horn, Master-General of the Ordnance, and Lieutenant-General Stage. But in spite of their united force and skill, they were unable to make any impression on the place; all the inhabitants most cheerfully shared in the toils and dangers of the soldiery, whom they furnished with provisions when the royal magazine was exhausted. After an ineffectual siege of several weeks, the Swedes abandoned their plan with a considerable loss in men.

“From that period, to the year 1716, Frederikshald enjoyed uninterrupted tranquillity, when Charles the Twelfth attempted to conquer Norway. This post appeared to him the most prominent object of his comprehensive plan, and he accordingly applied his utmost exertions to its reduction. In the mean time fort Frederikssteen was completed; the native forces and inhabitants therefore conceived the defence of the latter of much greater importance than that of the former, in case they proved too weak for the protection of both.

“Charles the Twelfth first attacked the fort; and the inhabitants, on this occasion, were not inactive. They had procured a prame, from which they annoyed the enemy with great effect: and made frequent sallies from the town. But Charles soon put an end to their offensive operations, and foreseeing the impossibility of reducing the fort without previously taking the town, he one morning placed himself

at the head of his men, and led them on to attack Frederikshald. He encountered a most gallant resistance from the citizens, but the superiority of his numbers at last prevailed, although every inch of ground was resolutely defended. The town was taken.

“Notwithstanding Charles had thus become master of the town, the inhabitants did not acknowledge his authority. Some of them retired to the fort, and others went on board the prame, or hid themselves in the mountains. From all quarters a constant fire was kept up on the town, especially from the fort, to expel the enemy, lest protected by the houses, his attack on the fort might be more tremendous. A few hours after the capture of the town, Charles sent a trumpeter to the fort to solicit a truce, who was sent back with this answer: ‘His Swedish Majesty being an uninvited guest, it is our duty to send him whence he came.’ The fidelity with which they meant to keep their promise was soon evident to Charles, for when they found it impossible to dislodge their enemy by the mere execution of cannon, they desperately set fire to the town. One of the most uncommon scenes ever recorded in history now took place. The citizens eagerly hastened to fire their own houses, while the enemy in vain sought to extinguish the increasing flames. This scene of horror was considerably augmented by the artillery from the fort and the prame. Charles the Twelfth, whom nature had endowed with an invincible spirit, strengthened by a familiarity with danger, stood appalled at this extraordinary spectacle, and left the town that very day. This attempt cost the Swedes upwards of 1500 men, independent of officers, among whom were Lieu-

tenant-General Delvig, and Major-Generals Schommer and Schlippenbach.

"Such instances of patriotic ardour are indeed rare; but fortune, or more properly Providence, favoured the exertions of those gallant men. Charles, always inflexible in his purposes, prepared to renew the attack, and only awaited the arrival of a large fleet of transports and storeships, which were assembled in the harbour of Dynekil. But Tordenskiold surprized the Swedish armament in its own port, and by destroying and taking the greater part, confounded all the hopes of Charles. In the next year the Swedes returned to Norway, fully determined to reduce the fort, cost what it would. They commenced the attack, in which Charles fell, and with him all their boasted plans."

Stan. 8, lines 7, 8, p. 19.

*While round the rescued HÆRNIA lying
Expired stern Sweden's flower and fame.*

The siege of Copenhagen by the Swedes forms too interesting and important an event in the annals of Denmark, not to deserve particular mention. It is thus described by Malling:

"The city of Copenhagen was indifferently prepared to resist a second siege by Charles Gustavus; the Danish government thought itself secure in the peace so lately concluded, and little suspected so treacherous an infringement of the law of nations. The fortifications were, in many places decayed; there was no supply of provisions, and the

garrison scarcely amounted to 1000 men. This combination of evils appeared irremediable, as the sudden attack of the Swedes prevented the army from entering the city, and the enemy's vessels having blockaded the port, all communication by sea was consequently cut off.

"Frederik the Third again dispatched ambassadors to sue for peace with the King of Sweden; but nothing was effected. The Danish ambassadors were sent back with this reply: 'I will explain the cause of the war, when I have conquered Denmark.' The intention of Charles being thus unequivocally avowed, a general terror pervaded the Danish court, some *valiant* members of which entreated Frederik the Third to consult his own safety by retiring to Norway or Holland; but Frederik remained deaf to this pusillanimous counsel, nobly observing, 'I am resolved to perish or conquer in my own nest; I shall cease to value life when my kingdom is trampled upon by my enemies.'

"King Frederik then ordered the drums to beat to arms throughout the city, and issued the following proclamation: 'His Majesty, confiding in the unanimity and valour of all true Danes and Norwegians, and firmly persuaded that nothing will be left undone by them, which can in any degree tend to the deliverance of their country: Declares, to all such persons as may feel reluctant to partake the dangers of the contest, that they are free to leave the city, while it is yet time, that they may be no incumbrance to those who are determined to stand or fall with our Royal self.'

"Such a declaration from the king could not fail to inspire all classes with hope and confidence, and Frederik soon

found that every subject was a hero. The nobility laid aside their rank in society, the affluent forsook their downy couches, the student his books, and the tradesman his shop. Thus the city, which a few hours before was without troops, suddenly displayed as many warriors as could be furnished with arms. They were divided into four classes; viz. the nobility, the clergy, the citizens, and the soldiery. Their hearts beat with patriotic fire, and every individual panted for an opportunity of hurling death and destruction on the general enemy.

“ Their first object was to restore order to the ramparts; all lent a willing hand to this essential duty, even women rivalled each other in supplying rubbish, timber, and palli-sadoes. The fortifications being thus repaired, the suburbs were set on fire, in the presence of the Swedish army. Charles Gustavus now perceived the fallacy of his hopes; but amused his ambitious mind with an idea that the Danes could not be serious in opposing him. He opened his trenches, while his fleet bombarded the city; but all in vain. The Danish monarch acquired strength from the unjust aggression of the Swedes, and all his exertions were most heartily seconded by a loyal, undaunted, and indefatigable people, whose wishes and cares, at the moment, were concentrated in the sole hope of avenging the wrongs of their country.

“ When any part of the city was set on fire, numbers of persons were ready to extinguish it; and whenever the enemy showed an intention of scaling the ramparts, he met with a most vigorous resistance. Sallies were frequently made, especially under the directions of Ahlefeldt and

Gyldenlöve; on which occasions, the students exhibited wonders of bravery and firmness. By sea, all that could be done was done by those gallant seamen, Helt and Bredahl, who particularly, one night, succeeded most completely in burning and sinking a great number of vessels destined to carry Swedish troops to the isle of Amack. Nor did the king shame his professions; he shared in every danger, and by his presence encouraged his subjects to persevere, while his vigilance and discernment in discovering and rewarding merit, proved him worthy of such subjects.

“Thus the first month of the siege passed amid a constant succession of calamities, fears, and expectations; but in the month following the wavering hopes of the Danes decreased; Cronborg was taken, and the passage of the Sound thereby obstructed; provisions, of which there had not been a sufficiency before, now became exorbitantly dear; and one part of the cannon taken at Cronborg was acting against Copenhagen, while the enemy employed the remainder in annoying such ships as were bound to Copenhagen. The prospect of seeing the Dutch fleet arrive, hitherto hourly expected, now vanished; but an unconquerable spirit still animated every soul in the city. Opulent individuals applied their wealth to the relief of the poor; while the king sold many of his valuables, and pawned other parts of his property to obtain money, which he distributed among the needy. Successful sallies were frequently made, in one of which, the King of Sweden nearly lost his life; but he escaped ultimately in a boat.

“The mighty plans of the Swedish king had hitherto evaporated in smoke; for although the siege lasted three

months, no impression whatever was made on the city, which proudly mocked his utmost efforts, and bade defiance to his rage. The long wished for moment at last arrived; the Dutch fleet entered the Sound, and after having fought its way into port, brought a vast supply of men and provisions to the besieged city. This event naturally raised the spirits of the noble defenders of Copenhagen, which in truth wanted some support. The sea was soon after frozen, and every preparation was made by the enemy for storming the city, which he perpetually harassed till the main attack could be made. The guards in the city were doubled, persons were employed in breaking the ice, and every individual was on the alert by day and by night, ready for the impending moment. But these extraordinary exertions did not, however, exhaust the Danes; they went to work, as soon as they were relieved from guard, and mounted guard when they left off work. So great was the king's influence, that his subjects cheerfully submitted to innumerable hardships, increased by the severities of winter.

"At length the important night arrived, big with the fate of Frederik and Denmark; Charles Gustavus was at the head of an immense army, lately reinforced by troops from Poland, Germany, and Sweden; he made every disposition to render the effect of some new military engines still more dreadful, when he gave the signal to storm.

"The enemy commenced his assault with the utmost fury, and stormed during the whole of the night; a few succeeded in scaling the ramparts; but they had to contend in every quarter with men resolved to be buried in the ruins of their city, rather than suffer the degradation of a triumphant enemy's colours to fly on their ramparts. The Swedes,

after having sustained a great loss in men, and some of their best officers, were compelled to retreat; nor did Charles Gustavus ever after discover an inclination to renew this contest.

"It would be difficult to say which class of men gained most distinction on that memorable night. Among individuals Gyldenlöve, Ahlefeldt, Helt, and Bredahl, the commandant of the city, Skak, and the colonel commandant of the citizens, Thuresen, bore a conspicuous part; but none more so than the king, who in every situation gave new lustre to his exalted rank. A short time before the storming took place, Frederik the Third was advised by the English ambassador to sue for, and at any rate to purchase a peace. To this the king replied in a dignified tone, "I will beg peace of no one, I am accustomed to look danger in the face. Charles Gustavus may come when he pleases, but he may rest assured he will meet with men who know how to give him a proper reception." His majesty then mounted his horse, and rode about encouraging his brethren in arms, assuring them that he would watch and fight for them as actively as they would for him. He kept his word, for he continued on horseback during the storming, and was always present in the hottest part of the assault.

Poem III. stan. 1, lines 1, 2, p. 22.

*To Norway, mother of the brave,
We crown the cup of pleasure.*

Of this popular song I have met with the following English translation, said to be executed by Mrs. Borneman,

the lady of the Judge Advocate General of Denmark, and daughter of Mrs. Parsons the authoress;

To Norway, valour's native sphere,
We drink with boundless pleasure;
O'er wine we dream of freedom near,
In fancy grasp the treasure.

Yet shall we at some period wake,
And bonds compulsive nobly break;
To Norway, valour's native sphere,
We drink with boundless pleasure.

One glass at friendship's shrine is due,
One to Norwegian beauty;
Some nymph, my friend, may claim for you,
From us this welcome duty.

Shame on the slave who spurns his chains,
And women, wine, and song disdains.

Chorus.—To Norway, &c.

Now, Norway, we thy mountains boast,
Snow, rocks, and countless wonders;
While Dovre echoes to the coast,
And thrice rapt plaudits thunders:
Yes, three times three the Alps around,
Shall "health to Norway's sons" resound*.

Chorus.—To Norway, &c.

It appears also to have been translated into Latin, as may be seen in a late publication on Norway †.

* *Boydell's Scenery of Norway*, 19th View.

† *Voyage dans le nord de l'Europe par A. Lamotte*, p. 336.

TRADUCTION LATINE.

(*Impromptu.*)

PAR LE DOCTEUR G*****.

DE LA CHANSON NATIONALE DE NORWÈGE, A LA LOUANGE DE LEURS
HEROS, DE LEURS BELLES, ET DE LEURS MONTAGNES.

*Faite à Røraas, le 21 Aout. Adaptée au metre Norvégien, et à
l'air de la chanson.*

TRIA POCULA.

Pro Norvagorum patriâ,
Ebibimus hoc poculum :
Potanti vinum, viro, hoc
Libertas suavis arridet ;
Itaque semper, sobrii,
Omne ferrum rumpite :
Heroibus Norvegiæ
Hoc esto primum poculum.

Secundum verò poculum,
Puellis atque fratribus !
Amici, sponsæ bibite :
Abesto is qui id non vult.
Abesto jugi diligens,
Vinum odens, filias !
Puellis atque fratribus
Secundum esto poculum !

Norvegiæ que montibus
 Hoc esto hactutum poculum !
 Salvete : Dofre resonat ;
 Ter agit nobis gratias.
 Cunctæ montes : ter quaterque
 Salvete . . . clamant Norvægis.
 Et montibus Norvegiæ,
 Sit tertium jam poculum !

Poem V. stan. 1, lines 1, 2, p. 27.

*Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
 And he steer'd for the Norway border.*

"Two thousand Scots (subsidiary troops to Sweden) were sent to Norway, in the year 1612. They were divided into two detachments, one of six hundred men, commanded by Colonel Monkhaven, landed in the vicinity of Drontheim, and penetrated through Herdal and Jemteland, where they compelled the inhabitants to acknowledge the King of Sweden; and, afterwards joining the Swedes, relieved Stockholm. The other detachment of fourteen hundred men, commanded by Colonel Sinclair, landed in the Romsdale; this detachment pursued its career for a time without opposition, as the soldiery, which was to have guarded the coast, had been sent to the Danish army at Elfsborg. But, however uninterrupted their landing had been, it was not long before they experienced numerous obstacles to their progress. A rumour being spread of their intention to pass through the Gulbrand's-dale, the bailiff, Lars Gram, hastily embodied all the peasantry who were capable of acting

offensively. They armed themselves with axes, and whatever weapons they could lay their hands on; and dividing into two parties, Lars Gram commanded the one, and the peasant Gulbrand Segylestad the other. It was then agreed that they should ambush on the road which the enemy must pass; and every necessary arrangement being made, they took their posts accordingly. A few days afterwards the Scots arrived, the van of whom the peasants suffered to pass quietly on; but as soon as the main body arrived at a certain spot, the Norwegians attacked them with the most desperate fury. Colonel Sinclair was the first man who fell, and the greater part of his men were either cut to pieces, or driven into the river. The Scotch van-guard, perceiving the fate of their countrymen, fled; but being closely pursued, they were soon overtaken by the peasantry, when a most furious engagement took place, in which all the Scotch were slain, with the exception of two, one of whom remained ever after in Norway, and the other returned home to tell the dreadful tale.

"This war is still remembered in Norway by the appellation of the Scotch war; and a statue of stone has been erected, describing the date when the Norwegian peasants so bravely supported the safety of their country*."

Poem X. stan. 2, lines 1, 2, p. 42.

*Say, what is the Negro's crime,
Ye who in our blood engrave it?*

Denmark, it is well known, was the first European country which took any effectual measures for the abolition

* Malling, pages 45, 46.

of the Slave Trade. Five and twenty years ago she declared that at the expiration of ten years no more negroes should be imported into her West India colonies; and she provided the planters with the necessary pecuniary means for establishing a permanent domestic supply of labourers in the plantations. The capture of the Danish West India islands about the period fixed for the abolition of the Slave Trade, however, threw some obstacles in the way of that beneficent measure; but they were eventually removed.

On referring to an earlier period of Danish history, even private individuals engaged in that most horrid traffic will be found to have entitled themselves to a considerable degree of that praise which has subsequently fallen to the lot of their countrymen at large, as being the first nation to redress the wrongs of Africa. "It is a loss to mankind," says Dr. Johnson*, "when any good action is forgotten;" and I must avail myself of his authority for giving additional publicity to the following traits of humanity recorded by Malling:

"The hardships which the devoted inhabitants on the coasts of Africa and America have experienced from the insatiate thirst of European avarice, are so various and melancholy in their nature, that every human being alive to the sensibilities of the heart, must revolt at a mere recital of these atrocities.—Our fellow-creatures have been treated by the polished nations of Europe, not only as slaves, but they have also been degraded into brutes—bought and sold to gratify lust, ambition, and avarice. The Danish merchants have not been exempt from this general charge of a

* Life of Savage.

guilt calculated to level the more enlightened part of the human race far beneath the wretched victims of their disgraceful superiority. But, although the honour of mankind has been thus shamefully compromised, it is a consolation to know that it has not been altogether lost. There have been men whose exalted minds spurned at the advantages of unjustifiable, although prevailing customs;—men, whose willing ears listened to the tale of human woe, and whose benevolent hearts sought to retrieve the outrages committed on the laws of nature.”

“Foremost in the ranks of worth and philanthropy stands CHRISTEN CORNELISEN (or NIELSEN), principal factor of the Danish Guinea Company. He sailed for the coast of Africa, about ten years after the Danes had formed an establishment there, and on his arrival pursued his career of traffic without ever abusing the power vested in him. During the whole of his residence in that country, his intercourse with the Negroes was so marked by gentleness and urbanity, that he was considered more their friend and father than their master. The consequence of this conduct was such as might be expected; he was honoured and beloved by the negroes; indeed, their attachment to him was so great, that they willingly exposed their own lives in defending his against the treacherous attempts of villany and envy. Having faithfully and satisfactorily served six years on the coast, he was recalled to his native country, an event which excited universal regret. Immense crowds of negroes followed him to the sea-shore; and one of the neighbouring kings, attended by a large retinue, set out towards the coast merely to assure the worthy Cornelisen of his high consi-

deration. But it being contrary to custom for kings to approximate too near the coast, he dispatched the whole of his retinue to do Mr. Cornelisen every possible honour. After his departure, his name was held in such veneration by the natives, that numbers of them, in order to perpetuate his memory, named their children *Cornelisi*."

"The conduct of Mr. SCHILDERUP also deserves record in his government of the Danish settlements on the coast of Guinea, during eight months of the years 1735 and 36, at the expiration of which he died. In this short space of time he completely gained the affections of the natives, by whom he was, indeed, beloved and honoured rather as a god than as a man. Previous to the arrival of Mr. Schilderup, the Dutch, who had likewise settled on the coast, attempted a sort of undue ascendancy over the Danish negroes; but their views were rendered abortive by his spirited exertions. Whereupon the Dutch became exasperated, and sought to effect their purposes by force; but scarcely a third part of their negroes joined in the attack. Numbers of the natives travelled hundreds of miles merely to see Mr. Schilderup; and the neighbouring kings invited him in the most obliging manner to their respective courts; adding, at the same time, 'That they felt extremely desirous of visiting him, but were prevented, from an apprehension that vast crowds of their subjects might follow, and perhaps cause him some vexation.'

"On his death, uncommon affliction spread among the blacks; they mourned his loss as they would have done that of a father; some ran about distractedly, and appeared ready to take away their own lives. Never has the death

of an European been so much lamented in that part of the world."

Poem XII. stan. 1, lines 1, 2, p. 49.

*Bending from Dofra's white head in her sadness,
Norway stood propp'd on her buckler of flame;*

Dofra is an immense ridge of mountains which form the boundary between the southern and northern parts of Norway. It derives its name from the giant Dovre. Throughout the whole extent of Dovre only four houses are to be found; Drivstuen, Kongsvold, Gierkin, or Hierkin, and Fogstuen, the possessors of which are exempted from all taxes, and besides receive some allowance from the adjacent districts, in consideration of which they are bound to lodge and convey travellers.

*Pensive she mus'd on her old years of gladness,
Fair-tressed Harold, and Athelstan's name.*

HARALD HAARFAGER succeeded his father, Halfdan Svarte, in the year 863. Norway was at that period divided among petty kings, who were all successively overcome by Harald. He possessed, in an eminent degree, all the qualities requisite for a conqueror. Still the political structure which he succeeded in raising did not prove to be established on a solid foundation. It could only be upheld by himself, or an individual possessed of his talents. His son Erik, who succeeded him in 933, was in consequence

obliged to yield to Hagen, who had been brought up at the court of King Athelstan of England.

HAGEN ADELSTEEN proved to be a most excellent king during a period of twenty-nine years. He enacted most salutary laws; he restored to the people important privileges; he secured the country effectually against attacks by sea; and enlarged his territories in a manner which forms a striking and not the most creditable contrast to the system by which Norway has been recently subjected to the dominion, or rather domination of a foreign power.

Malling relates, "that in the days of Harald Haarfager, several families emigrated from Norway, and settled in Jemteland, where they established a kind of Republic, which neither depended on Sweden nor Norway; but stood in commercial relations, equally with both countries. Hagen Adelsteen felt a desire to add that independent settlement to Norway; but he, at the same time, scorned the idea of impoverishing or devastating the country, in order to acquire reluctant subjects. He employed different means: their trade with Norway he made the particular object of his care: he invited some of the most important persons among them to his court, and loaded them with honours; by which means the inhabitants of Jemteland were first led to indulge a partiality for the king, and afterwards to submit to his power."

Hagen Adelsteen fell a victim to his zeal for the introduction of Christianity into Norway, which excited great dissatisfaction among his subjects. In fact a civil war was on the eve of breaking out, when the sons of the banished King Erik, taking advantage of the troubled state of Nor-

way, landed. But Hagen Adelsteen effected a reconciliation with his subjects, and defeated the invaders. They however returned at various periods, and on one of these occasions Hagen Adelsteen was mortally wounded.

Of Hagen Adelsteen's and Harald Haarfager's piety, Mr. Malling gives the following particulars :

"Harald Haarfager, the first sovereign of Norway, was accustomed to assist at the public offerings made by his people in honour of their gods; but, as no better or more pure religion was known in those days, he acted with prudence in not betraying either a contempt or disregard for the prevailing worship of the country, lest his subjects, stimulated by such example, might become indifferent, not only to their sacred, but to their political duties. Yet he rejected from his heart these profane ceremonies, and believed in the existence of a more powerful God, whom he secretly adored. 'I swear,' he once said when a boy, 'never to make any offerings to an idol, but to that God alone whose omnipotence has formed the world, and stamped man with his own image. It would be an act of folly in me to expect help from him whose power and empire arise from the accidental hollow of a tree, or the peculiar form of a stone.' It is not to a certainty known how Harold, amid all the superstitious prejudices which surrounded him, obtained such conviction. He however felt and confessed its influence; nay, had the times permitted it, he would not have remained a tame spectator of those customs which he deemed profane. But they were ancient, and supported by the privilege of long usage to which the people were blindly attached. Independent of which, his principles,

though firm in themselves, were unassisted by either authority or document to have worked so considerable a change.

“Hagen Adelsteen, his successor, was happily enabled to form a more comprehensive view of those things of which his father, Harald Haarfager, had conceived an indistinct idea. He had been liberally educated at the court of King Athelstan in England, and was instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, the infallibility of which was strongly impressed on his mind. At the death of Harald he perceived with extreme concern that his whole empire was bewildered in the darkness of idolatry and ignorance, to dispel which he employed all his intellectual powers. On the restoration of peace, Hagen Adelsteen summoned his subjects to a public meeting; and in an animated speech zealously exposed to them the errors of that superstition to which they were bigotted by the inheritance of their ancestors. He pointed out to them how much they thereby deviated from what was right and true, and earnestly persuaded them to adopt those doctrines which he had fortunately been instructed to practise and to reverence. But paternal customs and ancient prejudices operated too strongly on the multitude to leave the good king any hope of their extermination. The people murmured at the exhortations of their monarch, and clamorously insisted on adhering to their gods, threatening to defend their faith with their lives. Hagen Adelsteen now perceived that his benevolent intentions could not be openly carried into execution, and therefore thought it more expedient to adopt cautious measures. He invited Christian priests into his kingdom, who proclaimed the revealed doctrines of the

scriptures, while in his own person he scrupulously performed the sacred rites of the gospel. He embraced every opportunity to convert those who were more immediately about his person by instructing them in the true religion. Thus, like a prudent general, he retreated from the impetuosity which would have rushed upon him, and patiently awaited a favourable opportunity to rally and ensure a victory. But, alas! that moment so long, so ardently expected, never arrived. Enemies invaded his dominions, and he found himself compelled to discontinue his exertions for the happiness of his people, in the necessity of providing for their safety. He bravely took the field and fell.

“The loss of life and earthly grandeur, however, appeared in his last moments to be less afflicting than the failure of his hopes in propagating the Christian religion in Norway. He seemed to fear lest something had been neglected on his part, though he had evidently manifested a steady zeal and unremitting attention to the accomplishment of an object so highly important to mankind. He particularly regretted that the fury of the people had once induced him to assist at a celebration of their offerings. On being asked if he wished his body to be sent to England for interment, he replied, ‘No! I have polluted myself by an act of idolatry, and am unworthy of being buried among Christians.’

“Many inconsiderate princes, in less remote times, proceeded like lions, and furiously proclaimed the blissful doctrines of Christianity at the point of their swords, destroying generations and devastating empires to promote, as they were pleased to term it, ‘the glory of God.’ Others have remained quiet, and beheld with indifference religion

neglected, its doctrines scoffed at, and its virtues trampled upon; 'Heaven,' they said, 'must defend itself, why should we embark in the cause of the Almighty?' But Hagen Adelsteen preserved a medium; he was zealous in behalf of Christianity, without being impetuous; temperate, without being indifferent; and no higher testimony can be adduced of the sincerity of his professions, than the agony he felt at an event in his life, to which circumstances had forced him to yield a momentary acquiescence."

Poem XVI. lines 1, 2, p. 64.

*Snatch'd from the scenic monarch's glorious crown,
A few stray gems I bring.*

This masterly translation of Shakspeare, which has so very properly made its appearance under the auspices of a princess so nearly connected with the poet's country*, has made an epoch in the dramatic history of Denmark. Shakspeare may be said to have come in most opportunely to the assistance of the father of the Danish drama†, who, though he stoutly maintained his ground, was certainly very seriously annoyed by M. Kotzebue and his followers. Hamlet has already been performed on the Danish stage by Mr. Foersom himself, whom I shall now take the liberty to introduce to the English reader; not doubting but that what he advances on the subject of his translation will eminently point him out as a fit representative of Shakspeare.

* The Princess Louisa Augusta is the daughter of the late Queen Caroline Matilda.

† Holberg.

PREFACE

TO A

Danish Translation of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar.

TO THE READER.

IN the execution of this translation I laid it down as a fundamental principle to express the poet as correctly as was in my power, and if possible to repeat the effusions of his genius with the fidelity of an echo. Want of ability may have precluded the attainment of this elevated object; but I have constantly had a clear view of it.

This translation may possibly be charged with faults, which in fact have been committed purposely and agreeably to a plan. I have for instance here and there violated the structure of the verse; but I have done so on mature deliberation, because otherwise I must have become less faithful to my pattern. The reader who shall point out such faults had better confine himself to the *fashionable poetry* of England, and leave old Shakspeare alone. For much as this book may want readers, and much as I could wish that it may find readers, yet I would rather have none than such as would prefer to scan the poet rather than to study him. Some persons, I foresee, may reproach me for having made use of antiquated words and forms of language. In reply I must beg to state, that I have adopted an old word where it possessed greater energy than a modern one. Indeed I have throughout endeavoured to throw a shade of antiquity

over the performance, because that was the character of Shakspeare's language; which, unlike the language of the day, does not depend on the ever-varying taste or caprice of the moment.

It may be proper to mention, for the information of those who may honour my work with a critical investigation, that I have translated these two tragedies from a pocket edition, published at London in 1798, from the text of Steevens. On a later revival of these sheets, I have however, as much as possible, had Malone's edition by me. I say as much as possible, because the work is so scarce here, that as far as I know, it is not to be found in any of the public libraries; and the costliness of the book must naturally, in a still greater degree, operate against its admission into private libraries. I must likewise notice, that such puns as were altogether untranslatable, and incapable of producing any meaning in Danish, have been entirely omitted, when I found it impossible to substitute any thing similar; yet no chasm will on that account be perceived. Thus I have left out individual things, with the signification of which even the oldest commentators were unacquainted. For these omissions I venture to anticipate the reader's thanks; the rather so, as he has been thus relieved from tedious and perplexing notes. In conclusion, I owe it to myself to state, that I have not blindly followed or intend to follow the reading, conjecture, or interpretation of Mr. Malone, or any other commentator whatever. In many places I have departed from him, and adopted the reading of editions of less authority, when it was Shakspearean, and not the evident result of the editor's ignorance or care-

lessness. This plan I have pursued in the present, and intend to pursue in the succeeding volumes.

Whether however they shall appear or not, will depend on the reception which this performance may experience. If our booksellers are accurately acquainted with the public taste, what hopes can I be allowed to form, having in the course of several years until now in vain sought a publisher—even on terms unfairly fair? However, we all clearly perceive the rise of a bright morning, which may dispel the gloom that has so long overshadowed the Danish Parnassus. The time therefore seems to be auspicious to my undertaking. Be its fate however what it may, I lay down these leaves as a trifling mite on the altar of Melpomene, warmly wishing that they may contribute to shed over her priests that spirit in which alone we should live and be affected, and without which we neither are nor can become any thing.

THE TRANSLATOR.

*Copenhagen,
December, 1806.*

For the benefit of those who may be competent to form a judgment of the merits of the translation, I subjoin Hamlet's soliloquy on death, his scene with Ophelia, and the chamber-scene with the Queen. From Julius Cæsar I select the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius.

HAMLET.

Tredie Akt. Første Scene.

HAMLET træder ind.

Ham. At være, eller ei, det er Spørgsmaalet,—
Om det er Sielen værdigst, at den tanler
den vrede Lykkes Pileskud og Steenkast;
eller den væbner sig mod Sorgers Hav,
og ved en Modstand ender dem?—Døe,—sove,—
ei Meer;—og ved en Sövn at vide, at vi ende
den Hierteangst, de tusind Lidelser,
som Kiöd er Arving til—det er et Maal,
vi andagtsfuld maae ønske os.—Døe;—sove;—
at sove!—muligt drömme;—det er Knuden;
thi Drömmene, som i hiin Sövn tör komme,
naar al vor jordisk Sorg vi har afrystet,
de byde os at standse: denne Tanke
er det, som Kummers Liv saa langt udspinder;
thi hvo bar Tidens Spot og Svöbeslag,
Voldsmandens Tryk, Hoffærdighedens Haan;
foragtet Elskovs Qvaler, Lovens Nölen,
Embedsmænds Hovmod, og de Stöd, som stille
Fortieneste af Ufortiente tager,
naar selv han Rolighed sig kunde skaffe
blot med en Dolk? Hvo vilde slæbe Byrder,
og puste, stönne under Livets Tyngde,
hvis ei en Grue for Noget efter Döden,—
det nopdagede Rige, fra hvis Grændse
ei Vandrer kommer hiem,—forvirrer Villien,
saa at vi lide för den Qval, vi have,
end flye til andre, som vi ikke kiende?

Saa gör Samvittighed os alle feige;
Beslutningens medfødte Ungdoms-Rödme
döer i det syge, gustne Overlæg.

Og Foretagender af Marv og Kraft,
ved denne Tanke, vende deres Strømme,
og tabe Navn af Daad.—Men stille nu!
Ophelia! den Favre!—Nymphe, indalut
i dine Bønner alle mine Synder!

Oph. Hvorledes har J levet, ædle Prinds,
i disse mange Dage?

Ham. Jeg takker Eder underdamigst; godt.

Oph. Min Prinds, jeg har Erindringstegn fra Eder,
jeg længe ønsked' at tilbagegive.

Jeg beder, tag dem nu.

Ham.

Nei, ingenlande;

jeg gav Jer aldrig noget.

Oph. Min ædle Prinds, J veed ret vel, J gav dem,
og med dem Ord, som aandede saa sødt,
at Gaverne blev' derved rigere:

Tag dem igien, da hines Duft er svunden.

For ædel Siel riig Gave fattig bliver,

i samme Stund, som Venskab hos dens Giver.

Der, ædle Prinds!

Ham. Ha! ha! Er J dydig?

Oph. Min Prinds?

Ham. Er J skiön?

Oph. Hvad mener Eders Höihed?

Ham. At hvis J er dydig og skiön, skulde J ei tillade
Jeres Dyd, at have noget at gjøre med Jeres Skiönhed.

Oph. Min Prinds, kan Skiönhed søge bedre Samqvem,
end med Dyd?

Hæp. Ja sandelig; thi Skiønheds Magt vil snarere forvandle Dyd fra hvad den er, til en Koblerske, end Dydens Kraft kan omskabe Skiønhed i sit Billede: Dette var eengang en Paradox; men nu stadfæster Tiden det. Jeg elskede Jer fordum.

Oph. J Sandhed, Eders Naade, J bragte mig til at troe det.

Ham. J skulde ei have troet mig; thi Dyd kan ei saaledes indpodes i vor gamle Stamme, at vi jo beholde nogen Smag af den: Jeg elskede Jer ikke.

Oph. Desto mere blev jeg skuffet.

Ham. Gaae i et Nonnekloster; hvi vil du føde Syndere til Verden? Jeg er selv saa temmelig dydig; og dog kunde jeg anklage mig for saadanne Ting, at det var bedre, min Moder ei havde født mig. Jeg er meget stolt, hevngierrig, herskesyg; jeg har flere Forbrydelser tilrede paa mit Vink, end jeg har Tanker at iføre dem, Jndbildningskraft til at give dem Skikkelse, eller Tid til at udføre dem i. Hvad skulle saadanne Karle, som jeg, krybe her imellem Jord og Himmel for? Vi ere Erke-Afskum allesammen. Troe ingen af os. Gaae din Vej, til et Nonnekloster!—Hvor er Eders Fader?

Oph. Hiemme, min Prinds!

Ham. Luk Dørrene i Laas for ham, paa det han ei skal spille Nar uden i sit eget Huus. Farvel!

Oph. O hielper ham, J naaderige Himle!

Ham. Jfald du gifter dig, vil jeg give dig denne Forbandelse til Medgift: Vær kydske som Jis, vær reen som Sne; du skal dog ei undgaae Bagvaskelse.—Pak dig i et Nonnekloster!—Farvel! Eller, hvis du endelig vil giftes, da ægt en Daare; thi kloge Folk vide ret vel, hvilke Ubyrer

J giöre dem til.—Gaac i et Nonnekloster, og det snart.
Farvel!

Oph. Himmelske Magter bringer ham igien til sig selv!

Ham. Jeg har ogsaa hørt ret meget tale om Eders Sminken. Gud har givet Jer eet Ansigt, og J giöre Jer selv et andet. J trippe, J hoppe, J læspe; give Guds Skabninger Ögenavne, og anstille Jer uvidende af Letfærdighed. Pah! Jeg vil ikke vide mere deraf; det har gjort mig vanvittig. Jeg siger, vi vil ingen flere Ægteskaber taale. De, som ere allerede givte, skal leve allesammen—een undtagen: de övrige skulle blive som de ere. J et Nonnekloster! Gaac!

[*Hamlet gaar.*]

Oph. O hvilken ædel Aand er nedbrudt her!

Hofmandens Öie, og den Lærdes Tunge,
og Heltens Sværd!

det favre Riges Rosenknop og Haab;
Artigheds Speil, de fine Sæders Mönster,
af hver Beskuer den Beskuede!

Alt—Alt er ödelagt! Og jeg af Piger

den meest nedtrykte og ulykkelige,
som suede hans Eeders söde Honning,

seer nu hiin ædle, mægtige Fornuft

forstemt, liig brystne Sölverklokkers Toner,

hiint stolte Billede, hiint Ungdoms Blomster

af Sværmerie henvisnet. Vee mig! Vee!

som saae, hvad jeg har seet, og seer, hvad jeg maa see!

Fjerde Scene.

DRONNINGEN og POLONIUS træde ind.

Pol. Han kommer strax. Tag ham nu brav i Skole.
Siig, at hans vilde Streger trættet har

al Overbærelse; at Eders Naade
 har staaet som et Skierm imellem ham
 og Kongens Vrede.—Jeg staaer her i Stilhed.
 Jeg beder: revs ham dygtig.

Dron. Frygt kun ikke;
 det staaer jeg inde for.—Afsted! Han kommer.

[*Polonius skiuler sig.*]

HAMLET træder ind.

Ham. Nu, Moder! hvad har J at sige mig?

Dron. Du har fornærmet höit din Fader, Hamlet!

Ham. J har fornærmet höit min Fader, Moder!

Dron. Kom! Kom! Du svarer med vanartig Tunge.

Ham. Gaae! Gaae! J spørger med en nedrig Tunge.

Dron. Hvordan? Hvad, Hamlet?

Ham. Nu, hvad vil J mig?

Dron. Har J forglemt mig?

Ham. Nei! ved Christi Kors!

J Dronning er, og Jeres Frændes Hustrue,
 og—gid det var ei saa!—J er min Moder.

Dron. Godt! Jeg skal skaffe Jer en Mand for Jer,
 som jeg nok troer skal tale Jer til Rette!

Ham. Kom, kom og sæt Jer ned, og rör Jer ikke,
 J gaaer ei, för et Speil jeg har holdt för Jer,
 som Jeres Hiertes Jnderste skal vise.

Dron. Hvad vil du? Du vil dog ei myrde mig?
 Hielp! Hielp!

Pol. [*indenfor Tapetet*] Holla! Hielp! Hielp!

Ham. Hvad nu?—En Rotte!

[*drager Kaarden.*]

den döer!—det gielder en Dukat!—den döer!

[gør et Stød gennem Tapetet.

Pol. O, jeg er slagen!

[han falder og dør.

Dron. O Vee! Hvad har du gjort?

Ham.

Jeg veed det ikke;

Er det ei Kongen?

[han løfter Tapetet op, og drager Polonius frem.

Dron. O, hvilken overilet, blodig Daad!

Ham. En blodig Daad;—næsten saa slem, min Moder,
som myrde Kongen, og hans Broder ægte.

Dron. Som myrde Kongen?

Ham.

Ja, det var mit Ord!

[til Polonius] Du arme, ubesindige Giek, Farvel!

Jeg tog dig for din Herre: tag dit Lod;

Du seer, for megen Driftighed er Fare.—

Knug ikke Jeres Hænder; sæt Jer ned,

og lad mig derpaa knuge Jeres Hierte;

thi det jeg skal, hvis det kan giennemtrænges;

hvis dievelsk Vane ei har smeddet om det

et staalhaardt Bolværk mod al Følelse.

Dron. Hvad har jeg gjort, at du tør lade løs
din Tunge i saa vilde Ord imod mig?

Ham. Saadan en Handling,

som sætter Plet paa Uskylds skiønne Rødme,

og skielder Dyden Hyklerske; som river

fra skyldfrie Elskovs favre Pande Rosen,

og sætter Bylder der; gjør Eed for Altret

til falske Spillers Sværge—o slig Daad,

som river Hiertet ud af Løftets Bryst,

og gjør Religionens Salighed

til Ordbram. Himlens Aasyn staaer i Glöd,
ja, hiin grundfaste, mægtige Befæstning
seer ned med Veemods-Ansigt, som mod Dommen,
syg, blot ved Tanken om hiin Daad!

Dron.

O, Vee mig,

hvad Daad, som i slig Torden mig forkyndes!

Ham. See hid paa dette Billed' og paa hiint,
höist lige Billeder af tvende Brödre:

See, hvilken Höihed sad paa dette Aasyn!

Hyperions Lokker, Tordengudens Pande,

et Öie, Martis liigt, til Bud og Trudsel;

en Stilling, liig hiin Gudernes Herolds,

nys stegen ned paa himmelkyste Bierge;

ja, sandelig et Billede, et Aftryk,

hvorpaa hver Gud lod til sit Segl at sætte,

for at forsikkre Verden om en Mand.

Saadan var Eders Herre!—See nu denne!

Saadan er Eders Herre!—Liig et Brandax

forgifted' han sin Broder!—Har J Öine?

Hvor kunde J gaae fra den skiönne Græsgang

paa hiint saa stolte Bierg, for Jer at vælte

paa denne Mosebund?—Ha! har J Öine?

Kald det ei Elskov; thi i Eders Alder

er Blodets Middagssoel alt kold, og lyster

Fornuftens Herredom, og hvis Fornuft

traad ned fra hiin til denne? Sands J har;

thi J kan fristes.—Men hiin Sands, i Sandhed!

er rört af Slag; thi Vanvid tog ei saa feil,

og Sands var aldrig saadan Træl af Brynden,

at den jo forbeholdt sig nogen Valgret

paa slig en Korsvei. Hvilken Dievel var det;
 som saadan ledede Jer om i Blinde?
 Syn uden Fölelse, og Fölelse
 foruden Öin; Ören uden Hænder
 og Öine; Lugt, for alle Sandser blottet,
 ja kun en syg Rest af en ægte Sands
 saadan i Blinde aldrig kunde famle.
 Ö Skam! hvor er din Rödme?—Vilde Helved!
 gör du i en Matrones Been slig Opstand,
 lad Dyd da være Vox for heden Ungdom,
 og smelte i sin egen Jld! Ring ei
 med Skiendsels-Klokken, naar en gloeheed Brynde
 forlanger Lædskelse, da Frostens selv
 brænder af samme Glöd, og da Fornuften
 er Villiens Kobler.

Dron. O, hold inde, Hamlet!
 Du aabner for mit Syn mit Hiertes Dyb,
 hvori jeg blodige, sorte Pletter seer,
 hvis Farve ei gaaer ud.

Ham. Ei ved at dvæle
 i Pestluft, paa ufrugtbar Blodskams-Leie,
 bundraadent; ved at næbbs og at parres
 over den lede Sti—

Dron. O, hold dog inde!
 Hvert Ord med Dolke trænger i mit Öre;
 tie, elskte Sön!

Ham. En Morder, Skurk, en Træl,
 ei værd et Haar af Eders förste Herre,
 en kronet Harlequin; en Lommetyv,
 som snapped' Scepteret og Kongemagten;

som stjal det gyldne Diadem af Hylden,
og stak det i sin Lomme.

Dron.

Tie!

AANDEN træder ind.

Ham.

En Konge

af Klude og af Pialter;—

Frels mig! svæv over mig med Eders Vinger,
J Himlens Skarer!—Hvad vil Eders hulde Billed?

Dron. Vee mig! han raser.

Ham.

Kommer J ei, for

at kalde Eders dørske Søn til Regnskab,
som, dybt i Lidelser og Tid nedsiunken,
forsømmer Eders store Bud at rygte?

O tæll!

Aan. Forgiet det ei!—Jeg kommer nu, kun for
at skiærpe dit alt næsten sløve Forsæt.

Men see! Skræk sidder paa din Moder. O!
træd mellem hendes Sielkamp og hende.

Jndbildningskraft er mægtigst i den Svage.

O, tæl til hende, Hamlet!

Ham. Hvorledes er det med Jer, ædle Frue?

Dron. Ak, Hamlet, hvordan er det vel med Jer?

Hvi stirrer J hist paa den tomme Krog?

og taler med den øde Luft omkring Jer?

Vild kiger Sielen ud af Eders Öine.—

Liig sovende Soldater, Storm-Marsch vækker,

saa fare Eders faste Lokker op

og løfte sig, som Giæring Liig bevæger.

O, elskte Sön! stænk kiölig Taalmod paa
din Vildheds Jld og Hede.—Hvorpaa seer J?

Ham. Paa ham! paa ham! Seer J, hvor hviid han stirrer!
Hans Blik og Sag forenet, naar de raabte
til Stene, rørte de dem!—See ei paa mig,
at Eders Veemods-Aasyn ei omvender
min strænge Jid!—Mit Forsæts ægte Farve
vil falme; Graad maaskee for Blod vil rinde.

Dron. Hvem taler J da til?

Ham. Seer J da intet der?

Dron. Slet intet, og dog seer jeg alt herinde.

Ham. Og hørte Jntet?

Dron. Nei, kun Jer og mig.

Ham. Saa see da der! see, hvor det skrider bort,
min Fader, som han gik og stod i Live;
see, hvor han gaaer, just nu—ud af Portalet!

[*Aanden gaar.*]

Dron. Det er ei andet end et Hiernefoster.
J slige Drömmebilleder at skabe
er Sværmerie heel mægtig.

Ham. Sværmerie!
Min Puls slaar i den samme faste Takt
og sunde Klang, som Jeres.—Hvad jeg talte
ei Vanvid var. Bring mig paa Prävestenen,
jeg Ord for Ord gientage skal i Orden,
som Vanvid lystred' ei.—For Herrens Naade, Moder!
læg ei paa Eders Siel den Smiger-Salve,
at Eders Synd ei, men min Vanvid taler;
det drager kun en Hinde over Saaret,
mens Giften undergraver alt det Indre,

og æder skiult.—Skrift Eders Synd for Himlen !
 Hvad skeet er angre ; skye, hvad end skal skee !
 Og vand ei Syndens Ukrudt, at det vorder
 end mere frodigt. Tilgiv mig min Dyd ;
 thi i en feed, trangbrystig Tid, som denne,
 maa Dyden selv af Lasten tigge Naade,
 ja krybe for den, for at vorde tilladt,
 godt at bevise den.

Dron. O, Hamlet, du mit Hierte klövet har !

Ham. O kast da bort den slette Deel deraf,
 og lev des renere med den anden Halvdeel.—
 God Nat!—men gaee ei til min Onkels Seng ;
 paatag en Dyd, ifald J har den ikke.
 Uhyret, Vanen, som al Fölelse
 opsluger, er i Skikkelse en Dievel,
 men heri er den Engel, at den laaner
 paa samme Maade gode Handlinger
 et Klædebon, som slet kan drages paa.
 Afhold Jer nu i Nat, og det vil laane
 Jer Lethed til Afholdenbed i Morgen,
 og saa fremdeles stedse mere Lethed.
 Thi Vanens Magt omstemple kan Naturen,
 og enten hylde Satan, eller drive
 ham mægtig ud.—Endnu eengang god Nat,
 og naar J föler Trang til at velsignes,
 saa vil jeg om Velsignelse Jer bede. [*peger paa Polonius.*]
 Hvad denne Herre angaaer, angrer jeg ;
 men det var Himlens Villie, ved ham
 at straffe mig, og ham ved mig, thi jeg
 er sendt med Svöben, som en Vredens-Engel.

Ham vil jeg sørge for, og staae til Regnskab
for dette Drab.—Endnu eengang god Nat;
min Kierlighed skal af min Grumhed kiendes,
alemt er begyndt, og værre skal det endes :
—Men, Frue! end eet Ord!

Dron.

Hvad skal jeg gribe til!

Ham. For Alting, Jntet, hvad jeg böd Jer!—Lad den
marvlöse Konge atter til sit Leie
henlokke Jer ; i Kinden kaad Jer knibe,
og lad ham saa for et Par ækle Kys,
og spillende med de fordönte Fingre
paa Jeres Hals, faae Jer til at röbe :
At jeg i Grunden ei vanvittig er,
men kun af List.—Bedst, at J alt ham siger;
thi hvo som blot er Dronning, skiön, from, viis,
vil for slig Snog, slig Hugorm vel fordölge
saa dyrebare Ting?—Hvo vil det?—Nei,
Trods sund Forstand og Taushed! opluk Kurven
paa Husets Top; lad Fuglene kun flyve;
derpaa, liig Aben, der anstille Pröver,
kryb selv i Kurven; styrt, og bræk saa Halsen!

Dron. Troe mig, hvis Ord er' giort' af Aandedrag,
og Aandedrag af Liv, har jeg ei Liv til
at aande, hvad du har sagt til mig.

Ham. Jeg skal til England. Veed J det?

Dron.

O, Vee!

jeg glemte det.—Det er bestemt saaledes.

Ham. Man har forseglet Breve; og de Tvende,
som ere mine Skolekammerader,
og som jeg troer saa godt, som fangne Snoge,

de bære Dommen. De min Vei skal bane,
 og festlig føre mig til Skurkerie.
 Lad gaae! thi det er herligt Spøg at lade
 Kartoven ved dens Styrer; og det skal
 gaae haardt til, hvis jeg graver ei en Alen
 dybt under deres Miner, og saa puster
 dem op til Maanen.—O, det er Herrefærd,
 naar det gaaer List mod List, saadan som her!—
 Her er en Byrde til mig; jeg vil bære
 den ind i næste Sal; god Nat, min Moder!—
 Hvor stille, taus, alvorlig er han blevet,
 der stedse som en snaksom Giek har levet!
 Kom, Herre! lad mig bringe Jer til Hvile!
 God Nat, min Moder!

[*De gaae ud ad forskellige Sider. Hamlet bærer
 Polonius ind.*]

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Fjerde Akt. Tredie Scene.

Det indre af BRUTI Telt.

LUCIUS og TITINIUS i nogen Afstand.

BRUTUS og CASSIUS træde ind.

Cas. At J har giort mig Uret, sees af:
 at J har dömt og straffet Lucius Pella,
 for han af Sarderne lod sig bestikke,
 og mine Breve, hvor jeg bad for Manden,
 fordi jeg kiender ham, har J ei agtet,

Bru. J selv har gjort Jer Uret, da J skrev i slig en Sag.

Cas. Paa slig en Tiid, det dner ei, at holde Bog med hver en lille Feil.

Bru. Hör, Cassius: J selv er udraabt for, at J en krum Haand gör, at J for Guld bortsælger og udbökrer Æresposter til slette Folk.

Cas. Jeg sælge Æresposter! J veed, det Brutus er, som siger saa, ved Gud, sligt Ord var ellers Eders sidste!

Bru. Bestikkelsen af Cassier-Navnet adles, og derfor skiuler Tugtelsen sit Hoved.

Cas. Tugtelsen!

Bru. Husk Martius! husk idus Märtii! Flöd ei hans Blod, den store Julii, for Retfærds Sag? Siig, hvilket Afakum löfted' sit Staal imod hans Bryst, og ei for Retfærd? Hvad! skal da en af os, som slog' den förste af Verdens Mænd, for han beskiermed' Rov, skal vi besudle vore Fingre nu med skiendselsfuld Bestikkelse; og skal vi sælge for en Haandfuld uselt Guldstöv den stolte Lön for vores höie Hæder? För vil jeg være Hund, og göie ad Maanen, end slig en Romer!

Cas. Brutus, tir mig ei; jeg vil ei taale det: J glemmer Jer, naar J indskrænker mig; jeg er Soldat, jeg, ældre i Tienesten, og bedre skikket end J til at indgaae Betingelser.

Bru. Eia! Nei, Cassius, det er J ei.

Cas. Jeg er.

Bru. J er det ikke, siger jeg.

Cas. Tir mig ei meer, at ei jeg glemmer mig;
husk Eders Vel—og frist mig ikke mere.

Bru. Bort, svage Mand!

Cas. Er dette muligt?

Bru. Hör mig ; jeg vil tale.

Skal jeg for Eders vilde Sind mig böie?

Troer J jeg kyses af en gal Mands Blik?

Cas. O Guder, Guder! skal jeg taale dette;

Bru. Ja, meer. Brum, saa det stolte Hierte brister;
gak, viis den Heflighed for Eders Trælle,
og faae dem til at skielve. Skal jeg vige,
og föie Eder? skal jeg staae og böie
mig under Eders Luners Arrighed?
Ved Guderne, J skal nedsvælge selv
al Eders Galdes Gift, om end J brast;
thi fra i Dag af bruger jeg Jer kun
til Moerskab, ja til Latter, naar J vredes.

Cas. Saa vidt er det da kommet?

Bru. J har sagt,

J var en bedre Kriger: viis det da,
giör Eders Brouten sand; mig skal det glæde;
thi gierne lærer jeg af ædle Mænd.

Cas. J giör mig Uret—ja—J giör mig Uret;
en ældre Kriger, sagde jeg, ei bedre:
Har jeg sagt: bedre?

Bru. Det er ligegyldigt.

Cas. Da Cæsar leved', havde han ei tørdet
saadan opægge mig.

Bru. O tie dog, tie;

J torde ikke friste ham saaledes,

Cas. Jeg torde ikke?

Bru. Nei!

Cas. Hvad? torde ikke friste Cæsar?

Bru. Nei,

saasandt J lever, om J torde, Cassius.

Cas. Stol ei formeget paa min Kierlighed,
jeg kunde giøre det, jeg skulde angre.

Bru. J har giort, hvad J skulde angre, Cassius,
Der er ei Rædsel udi Eders Trudslar;
thi jeg er væbnet saa med Ærlighed,
at de forbi mig glide, Vinden liig,
jeg agter ei. Jeg sendte Bud til Jer,
om noget Guld, J nægted' mig; thi jeg
kan ei paa slette Maader skaffe Penge;
ved Himlen! heller' mynted' jeg mit Hierte,
og gav mit Blod for Drachmer, end jeg vristed'
af Bondens haarde Haand hans smule Armod
ved noget Kneeb. Om Penge bad jeg Jer
til mine Legioners Sold, som J
afslog mig: Ligned' dette Cassius?
og mon jeg svarte Cajus Cassius saa?
Naar Marcus Brutus viser sig saa karrig,
at han for sine Venner indelukker
saa lumpne Skillinger, da værér rede
med alle Eders Tordenkiler, Guder,
og slaær ham sønder!

Cas. Jeg afslog det ei,

Bru. Det gjorde J,

Cas. Nei; han var kun en Daare,
som bragte Svaret.—Brutus sønderriver
mit Hierte. Venner skulde overbære
med Venners Svagheder; J forstörre mine.

Bru. Nei; stedse över J dem imod mig.

Cas. J elsker mig ei meer.

Bru. Ei Eders Feil.

Cas. Kan Vennens Öie see dealige Feil?

Bru. En Smigrers Öie vilde ikke see dem,
om end nhyre, som Olymp, de vare.

Cas. O kom, Antonius, og Octavius, kommer,
og hævner Jer paa Cassius allene;
thi Cassius er mæt af Verden; hadet
af den, han elsker, trodset af sin Broder,
skieldt, som en Træl; hver af hans Feil ndspeides,
optegnes smaaligt, læres uden ad,
og kastes ham i Næsen. O, jeg kunde
udgræde Sielen giennem mine Öine!—
Der er min Dolk, og her mit nøgne Bryst;
og indenfor et Hierte, dyrere
end Pluti Grube, rigere end Guld:
Saafremt du est en Romer, tag det ud;
jeg, som dig nægted' Guld, mit Hierte giver;
Slaae, som du Cæsar slogst; thi vel jeg veed,
at da du hadede ham meest, du elsked'
ham meer end nogentid du elsked' Cassius.

Bru. Stik Dolken ind; o, vredes, naar J vil;
giv Vreden Røm, gör alt hvad Eder lyster.
Fornærmelse skal gielde kun for Lane.
J staaer ved Siden af et Lam, o, Cassius,

hvis Vrede er som Jld i Flintestenen,
der heftigt slagen viser snelle Gnister,
og strax er kold igien.

Cas.

Har Cassius levet

kun for at tiene Jer til Spög og Latter,
min Brutus, naar mig Sorg og Tungsind plager?

Bru. Da hiint Ord faldt, var ogsaa jeg tungsindig.

Cas. Tilstaaer J dette? Giv mig Eders Haand.

Bru. Og Hjerter med!

Cas.

O Brutus!—

Bru.

Tael, hvad vil du?

Cas. Har J ei Venskab nok til at tilgive,
naar Heftighed, jeg arved' af min Moder,
giör, at jeg stundom kan forglemme mig?

Bru. Jo, Cassius; og nu fra denne Stund,
naar J er alt for stræng mod Eders Brutus,
saa vil han tænke: Jeres Moder skiænder,
og saa forlade Jer:

The reader will learn with pleasure that Mr. Foersom's anxiety for the success of his translation has been most agreeably relieved, in a manner not less creditable to the taste of the Danish public than flattering to himself. Hamlet and Julius Cæsar were rapidly succeeded by King Lear, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, King Richard the Third, and I have reason to believe some more pieces, with the names of which I am unacquainted. Of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar I am informed a second edition has been called for. Mr. Foersom is likewise engaged in a translation of Thom-

son's Seasons, of which the Spring and the Hymn have already been published in a style equally creditable to the English and Danish languages.

Those who are disposed to consider a free press as among the first of political blessings, will be gratified to know that Mr. Foersom has also exerted himself to give currency to opinions and sentiments which had emanated from the British Press, with a view to vindicate the rights, and to speak the feelings of Denmark on a subject so cruelly distressing to that country, as the separation of Norway. In reference to this I am particularly struck with Mr. Foersom's undaunted patriotism, and that condescension which prompted him to employ his consummate knowledge of the English language, on publications which could only be entitled to his notice by the merit derived from the nature of the subject attempted to be discussed. But I must forbear to offer such an acknowledgment to Mr. Foersom as I should have been disposed to tender at the moment when he conferred the obligation. He will, however, rest perfectly assured that his kindness is most duly appreciated. The approbation of such a man, and of those who are disposed to think with him in regard to the public concerns of Denmark, is the highest reward that can be conferred on any individual who has had the cause of that country sincerely at heart. It furnishes a triumphant refutation of the low-minded exclamation of Scipio Africanus, when he imagined himself neglected and aggrieved by his country. In questions of this kind we ought to abstract from the rulers in remembering the land; and Mr. Foersom will not be displeased to learn, that he has been instrumental

in producing an English illustration of the sentiments of our popular poet, Mr. Ölenstæger:

It is not in the Northman to forget
His native land. True; he may wander far,
And taste much bliss; but he will once return
And greet her; or if fate denies, he builds
A little Denmark, or a little Norway
Where'er he lights; in France or Italy,
Or sea-girt Britain.

APPENDIX.

THE melodies of the first twelve poems being arranged, the composer felt anxious to add two favourite Danish airs, of which I did not possess the words. I in consequence applied to my friend Mr. Walker, who kindly supplied me with the following songs :

CANUTE AND ELLEN.

The pole-star of love was just peeping,
And the leaves of the forest were sleeping,
When thus beneath a green oak's shade
Young Canute said :
" Wilt thou go, my English love!
The gloomy waves above,
A Norseman's faith to prove?
Wilt thou quit the green vales of thy birth, love,
And dwell in a far foreign earth, love ?"

She clung to the bosom that press'd her,
She smil'd on the lips that caress'd her,
And thus beneath the green oak's shade
Young Ellen said :
" Dear is the land of my birth,
'Tis the pearl and pride of earth,
But thy love is fairer worth !
And the mighty waves threat with their spray, dear,
But true love is mightier than they, dear !"

LOVE AND FAME.

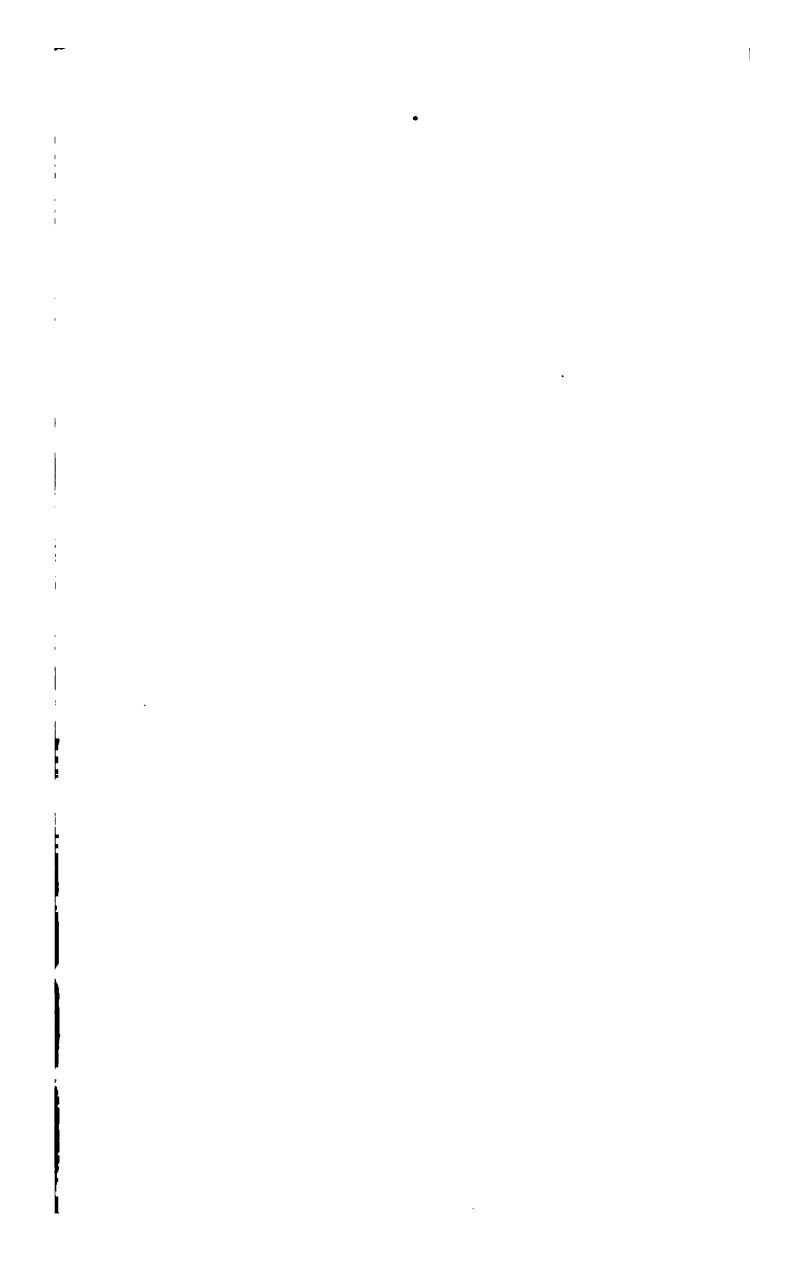
Nay, dearest Mary! say not so;
 My heart is wholly thine!
 What though thy vot'ry seem'd to bow
 Before another shrine?
 What though he courted Fame awhile,
 And revell'd in the muse's smile?

My first, my last, my dearest love,
 Thou still wert all to me!
 The poet's magic song I wove
 But to ennoble thee;
 And sought the wreath of martial fame,
 But to entwine it with thy name.

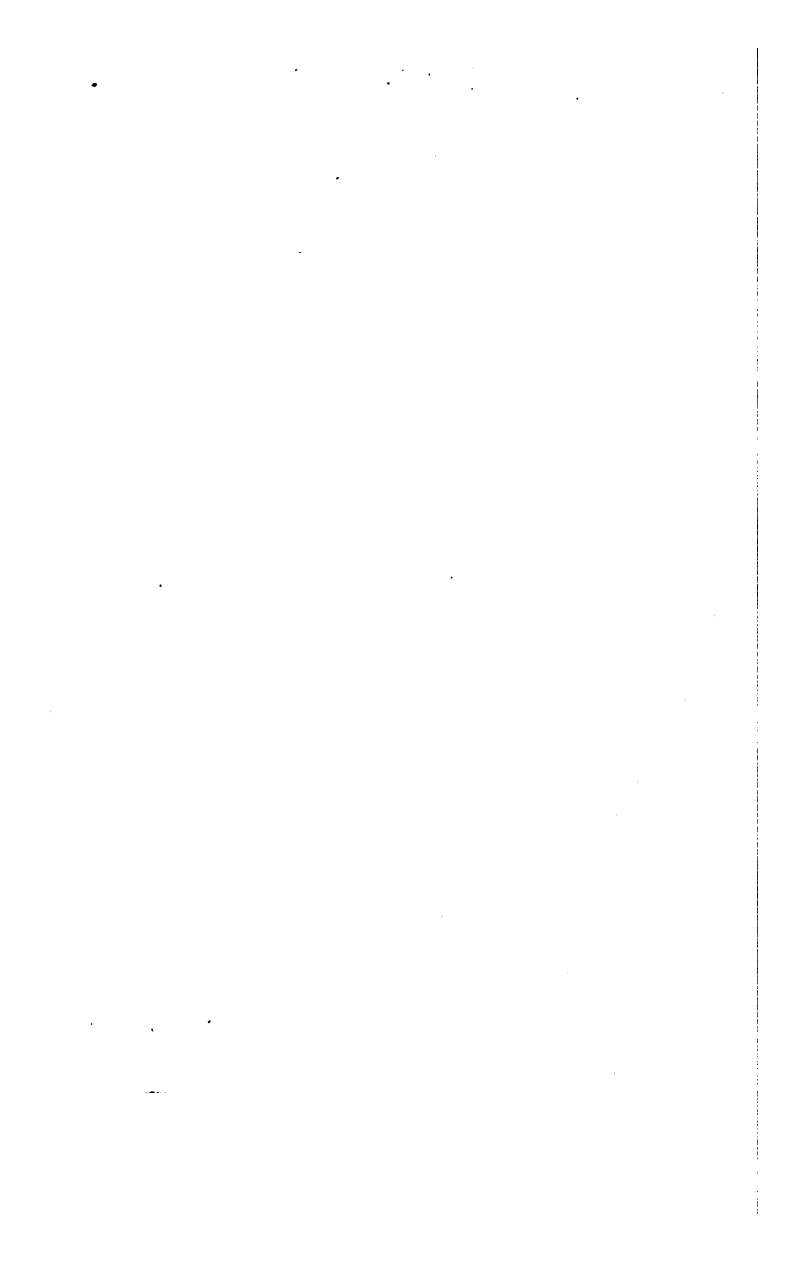
Like him * who to the sun would climb,
 Content to perish there,
 So he might scan its orb sublime,
 I breathe my willing prayer;
 Within my little sun to rest,
 And die upon its radiant breast.

* One of the Grecian philosophers.

FINIS.







JUN 16 1937.



